

The London Quarterly and Holborn Review

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, LITERATURE,
HISTORY and SOCIOLOGY.

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APRIL, 1936

CONTENTS

(Biographical sketches of contributors p. iv.)

ARTICLES :

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| KING GEORGE V | FRANK O. SALISBURY, R.B.A., R.O.I., LL.D. |
| RUDYARD KIPLING | HENRY BETT, M.A., Litt.D. |
| FORM-CRITICS AND THE REJECTION | |
| AT NAZARETH | J. HUGH MICHAEL, M.A., D.D. |
| CHRIST OR KARL MARX ? | DOUGLAS W. THOMPSON |
| A POET'S MOODS: SWINBURNE ASKS, | |
| 'CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT?' | COULSON KERNAHAN |
| SOME SCRIPTURE IDIOMS IN ENGLISH. | E. E. KELLETT, M.A. |
| THE ARCHBISHOP FÉNELON | J. A. DALE, B.A., C.B.E. |
| COUNTRY LIFE IN JAPAN | FRED D. GREALY |

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS :

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| THE ANCESTRY OF DR. JOHNSON'S | |
| WIFE | F. R. BRUNSKILL |
| THE POWER OF THE GROUP | W. TUDOR DAVIES, B.A., F.R.Econ.S. |
| RECENT LITERATURE ON MUSIC | STANLEY A. BAYLISS |
| HOW ARE WE TO EVANGELIZE ECO- | |
| NOMICS? | W. A. DICKINS |
| THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE CHURCH AT | |
| THE LORD'S TABLE | RICHARD M. RUTTER |
| METHODIST UNION IN AMERICA | LEWIS KEAST, D.D. |
| THE PRESENT POSITION OF LEPROSY. | RICHARD PERRY |

MINISTERS IN COUNCIL W. E. FARNDALE

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

RECENT LITERATURE :

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS; HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND
TRAVEL; GENERAL

PERIODICAL LITERATURE :

BRITISH, FOREIGN

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY AND HOLBORN REVIEW

APRIL, 1936

KING GEORGE V

FIRST AND FINEST CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

IT WAS a beautiful touch of artistic feeling with which the announcer of the B.B.C. on the morning of Jubilee day, after describing the pageantry of the Royal Procession as it progressed through the happy thronged streets of the City of London and on its approach to St. Paul's Cathedral as the fanfare sounded by the State Trumpeters announced the entrance of their Majesties, the King and Queen, to the Cathedral church, said:

'Now the pomp and ceremony of the earthly King gives place to The King of kings.'

The strains of the organ and choir were heard by the vast multitude, within and without, to the remotest parts of the world and Empire: 'All people that on Earth do dwell,' and 'O enter then His gates with praise,' as by a magic touch the stately doors of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, York Minster, Winchester and Durham Cathedrals and the simplest wayside chapel became alive, rich with the nobles tradition of our glorious history.

So, on this marvellous, enchanting, sunlit day, with sky of clear celestial blue, our beloved King, King of Great Britain and of the Dominions beyond the sea, Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith, realized as never before that he was truly enthroned in the hearts of his people.

Many years ago a friend of mine was at a concert at the Queen's Hall and King Edward VII came in and sat in the front row of the stalls. At the close the audience rose to sing the National Anthem; all around wondered what the King would do. The King rose and sang the National Anthem with the people, and those near by were deeply moved. True

kingship is an ideal of nationality superior to the limitations of personality. Now we know that the King looked upon the National Anthem as a prayer—and in that was the great secret of his power, which, in love and devotion, he constantly sought to fulfil.

No monarch who ever sat upon the British throne has added greater glory to the noblest traditions of kingship than did our beloved King George V.

It is a great thing, for our artists at least, that our people still love the pomp and pageantry of ceremonies of state. There is something in this loyal devotion that gives expression to the inmost ideals of a spiritual symbolism related to Nationality, which is so firmly sustained, that through the centuries the passage of time seems but a transitory incident. May it never be destroyed.

On one of my visits to America I was requested to broadcast a talk on 'Ceremonial Art' and at the close I asked them to give their artists a chance and to robe their President and precede him with a mace and follow him with an escort. The next morning the papers came out with a reproduction of the King and Queen in their Coronation Robes, but with the heads of President and Mrs. Coolidge cleverly inserted in the photograph, with the title, 'Artist Crowns King Cal.'

It was during the Great War that I had the coveted honour of first painting the King. Lord Stamfordham had told me that I must make the best use of one sitting as His Majesty was too busy to give me another. The fact that in a sitting of an hour and a quarter I had to get a good likeness, added to the pace of my already agitated pulse. Not leaving anything to chance, I decided the position I required for the portrait as it was for the panel in the Royal Exchange to commemorate Their Majesties' visit to the battlefields of France. I went an hour beforehand, and when I arrived at Buckingham Palace the King was in the forecourt holding an investiture which commenced at 10 o'clock. I watched the King and was amazed at his wonderful human touch as he gave a kindly

word and smile to each recipient. It was delightful to study the expression of the men and heroes as they passed. At twelve o'clock the Guards Band played the National Anthem, and before ten minutes past twelve the King was sitting for me, though the distance from the courtyard to the studio in the central room was quite a long way. I remember how his calm, kindly but dignified attitude gave me at once assurance, and I was able to concentrate on my work in freedom.

During the sitting several important messages were handed to the King. At one time he closed his eyes, for which ever afterwards I was grateful to Morpheus for the kindly dust that he threw for me into a monarch's eyes, because when my time was up he looked at the painting and was pleased with the progress, and said to me: 'I fear I have not been fair to you as I closed my eyes; I have been at work since seven o'clock this morning and feel a little tired. How many more sittings do you require to finish?' I said: 'One, Sir, if it is long enough.' He said: 'Come to-morrow and I will give you as long as you like.' I had a glorious three hours, and the portrait now hangs in the Palace—the only one in khaki.

Since then it has been my privilege to paint the King on eight different occasions and with each one my love and admiration grew.

Artists make a great demand upon a monarch's time. It seems too bad when their moments are so crowded. The Colonies want a portrait and request sittings for their special artists. Royalty is, in the art world, recognized as being the most kindly and considerate of all sitters. I once suggested to Lord Stamfordham that it would save the King if sittings were arranged for several artists to work at one time. He thought this a splendid idea.

Perhaps one of my most successful portraits was in the picture of the Order of the Bath. This came so well that I determined to paint it again as a single portrait, and for this His Majesty graciously offered to give a final sitting. This portrait is now in the National Gallery at Washington,

presented to the American people 'to commemorate the valiant service rendered by the Republic of the United States and the British Empire on behalf of World Justice and Peace.' It was accepted last year by President Roosevelt, who said on that occasion:

'It will be a privilege for our citizens to observe the likeness of a Monarch whose faithful and steadfast qualities of leadership have aroused so much admiration in this country. The portrait will be a symbol of the many ties that drew together the peoples of our respective Nations.'

Anyone who was in America during the King's severe illness in 1928 would have been deeply moved by the evidence of universal sympathy. Every paper throughout the country had large headlines of the latest bulletins. I have preserved a collection of them. In every Church, whether in Chicago or South Carolina, special prayers were offered for the recovery of the King. These tokens of sympathy by the American people are only again more deeply demonstrated at this present time in our great national loss and sorrow, and such cablegrams as these came from leading men:

'We mourn with you the loss of your great King. The World will miss him greatly for he belonged to the World as its foremost influence for good in all things.'

Also:

'We have all lost the world's first and finest citizen and we mourn with you.'

I wish we all could have heard the inspiring tributes that were paid to the life of the King over the radio of America by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. This message was heard from end to end of the Continent. And America listened in as well as the world and our Empire heard the massed bands as they played the Dead March and the pipers their solemn lament. The tramp of the Guards in the funeral procession was followed four and five thousand miles away by people who have never crossed the Atlantic, and yet at the cortège and the open grave wept with us. It is a credit, I think, to humanity

as a whole that simple goodness, devotion to duty and a life of service wins universal love and admiration. Yet, in his own estimation he was 'just a plain and ordinary man.' This proves to the world how the ordinary qualities can be sublimated when guided by the supreme and Divine Will.

It was an inspired idea to hold for the King at his funeral a two minutes' silence, for we all know how year by year, at the Cenotaph, he kept that silence with his beloved people. Thus he has stood as a symbol of our national sympathy and sorrow, and in solemn dignity paid homage to the fallen. In 1919 when the idea of the burial of an unknown soldier stirred the imagination of the nation, the King happened to visit my studio to view some frescoes I was painting for the Queen Victoria Memorial in India. He turned to me and said: 'You must paint "*The Burial of the Unknown Warrior*" for some public building and for exhibition at the Royal Academy,' and turning to Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, who was with him, said: 'Will you ask Sir Douglas Dawson (the State Chamberlain) to make all arrangements?'

I must say that I shrank from so difficult and solemn a task, and I did all I tactfully could to get excused, but no excuse sufficed. So, with many fears and longings to be of real service at this great moment, I went to the Cenotaph. The State Chamberlain met me and described the Order of Service there and in Westminster Abbey. On that first ceremony of the unveiling of the Cenotaph, standing near was the Archbishop of Canterbury. Sir Douglas Dawson came up to him and inquired how long it took to recite The Lord's Prayer. The Archbishop replied: 'thirty seconds.'

One never realizes how in these great ceremonies a few seconds made the difference between success and failure, and one seldom stops to think of the great skill and ability that there is behind all these important State functions.

The following day I congratulated the State Chamberlain on the wonderful beauty, order and precision of the whole ceremony, but he sighed and said it was not perfect, as the

hymn, 'O God our help in ages past' finished half a minute before schedule. I noticed that there was a pause before Big Ben chimed the hour, but it certainly did not spoil the ceremony. It is well for us to realize the importance that time, discipline and order play in the unity and success of a great State.

'Punctuality is the politeness of Princes.' The King was a model of punctuality. I remember a sitting fixed for twelve o'clock two weeks ahead by the Secretary, and I wondered if I should ring to make sure, but on the tick of twelve the royal car moved quietly up the drive.

At one of the first public dinners after the Great War an American described his experiences at Whitehall on that first Remembrance Day, November 11, 1919; he was standing in the crowd, right at the back, when a policeman, seeming to recognize that he was a foreign visitor, pointed out to him a place where he could see to better advantage, and there he stood and heard most beautifully that wonderful service. Then, in his speech, he turned to the audience and said: 'You British are wonderful people, for a thousand bitter hours you console yourselves with one that is beautiful.'

THE KING'S SENSE OF HUMOUR

I only had three months to get my large picture of The Unknown Warrior done in time for exhibition at the Royal Academy. It was 14 ft. x 11 ft. and there were forty portraits and sitters to arrange for, so I had to work night and day. When the King came to see its progress he was surprised at the advance. I said: 'I have to work more than eight hours a day, I do not know what my Union will say.' He laughed and said: 'You do not belong to a Union!' Nobody enjoyed a joke or a story more than the King and undoubtedly this glorious sense of humour must have saved him in many tense moments of grave national importance.

THE BUSIEST MAN IN THE WORLD

It has been my lot within the last two years to spend a week in the Executive Rooms of Mussolini at the Palazzia Venezia in Rome and with the President of the United States of America at the White House in Washington, and in each case I was astonished at the amount of work they had to face. The late Archbishop of Canterbury was a central figure in a ceremonial subject, and it was found impossible for His Grace to give me a sitting within six weeks. I suggested that, as it was a profile, I could paint in his study while he was at work, and I was amazed at the many problems and duties that were involved in his responsible office. But I think I am right in saying that the work thrust upon the Monarch of the British Throne, makes him the busiest man in the world. The State documents and the reports of meetings alone that are given to His Majesty every day are enough to stagger any man. Yet, in spite of it all, King George was able to make leisure for the enjoyment of music, art, sports and social functions and to spend himself unsparingly for the welfare of his subjects.

During the Jubilee celebrations I was desirous of submitting my sketches of the Thanksgiving Service to the King for his criticism. I wrote to his Secretary and said I had finished my sketches and formulated my ideas. The King, at this time, was overwhelmingly busy, and I feared it would be impossible for him to spare a minute to see them. To my surprise, the next morning I received a telephone message to say that His Majesty would see me the following day at 11.45, and although the King had had a very busy morning receiving foreign visitors and Ministers of State, he graciously gave me nearly half an hour of his valuable time.

As the sands of his life were running out and the whole civilized world was waiting in grave anxiety, a sitter was remarking about the King's great wisdom and statesmanship. I ventured to say: 'The King always said and did

the right thing and never made a mistake,' and in a deep, convincing voice, which was born of intimate knowledge, he said, 'No, never made a mistake.' When we remember his power of human contact, we realize that it was one of his crowning powers as the father of so vast an Empire and people, for he had us all in his great heart. But in this very service unknowingly he enriched his own soul as in the opposite sense a man who shuts up his nature and excludes human contacts, impoverishes his own personality. But considering this marvellous and wide sympathetic touch, one pauses to estimate its vital demands upon his dear life. It is staggering when you read in the papers so often: 'The King and Queen's message of sympathy.'

After the last Election and two days before the opening of Parliament, Mr. MacDonald was sitting for me and he said: 'I must take with me my Court dress as I shall want it on Wednesday at the opening of Parliament. You see I am not entitled now to be present at the opening ceremony, but the King wishes me to stand near him by the Throne.' What a glorious touch! This thought and power to do the fine thing at the right moment is a rare and distinguishing quality beyond the scope of a plain ordinary man.

Now that the strains of the piper's lament and the sound of the muffled drums have faded away, and as the passing of time enables us to take a true perspective of this beautiful life of devotion and service we shall see more clearly that these qualities belonged to no ordinary man, and we look now upon the passing of the King at the height of his power and influence only in the light of a supreme triumph and an Eternal Victory.

FRANK O. SALISBURY.

RUDYARD KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING was of Methodist ancestry on both sides, for his grandfathers, the Rev. Joseph Kipling and the Rev. George Browne Macdonald, were in our ministry. He once alluded to the fact (in a letter to the late Rev. F. W. Macdonald) when referring to some comment on the 'Recessional,' and remarked: 'The pulpit streak was bound to show. It's very funny to hear folk wondering where I got it.' In the years 1850-1853 George B. Macdonald was stationed in Birmingham. It was at that period that the minister's household became the haunt of a group of brilliant youths who were all educated at King Edward's School. Among them were Richard Watson Dixon (himself the son and grandson of Methodist preachers) who was afterwards Canon of Carlisle, and an ecclesiastical historian; Edwin Hatch, the great scholar who is best remembered by his Bampton Lecture of 1880 on *The Organization of the Early Christian Churches*; Cormell Price, in after years the Headmaster of the school immortalized in *Stalky and Co.* (the book is dedicated to him); and Edward Coley Burne Jones, destined to become famous in English art as the leader of the Pre-Raphaelites. It was then that the acquaintance was formed which resulted in the marriage of one of the four brilliant daughters of the manse to the last named (afterwards known as Sir Edward Burne-Jones). Some years afterward another sister met Edward Poynter (afterwards Sir Edward Poynter, and President of the Royal Academy) at Burne-Jones' house, and a little later they were married. A third sister married Mr. Alfred Baldwin, the father of the Prime Minister. Then the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, who was stationed at Burslem at the time, became friendly with Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, who was working as a designer in the Potteries. When Alice Macdonald was on a visit to her brother she made the acquaintance of Mr. Lockwood

Kipling, and they became engaged, shortly after a memorable picnic at Rudyard Lake. They were married in 1865, and soon afterward left England for Bombay. The picnic by the lake in Shropshire accounts for the unusual Christian name of the son who was afterward born in India. Undoubtedly Kipling was most fortunate in his parents. His father was not only a considerable artist, as the illustrations in *Kim* and *The Jungle Books* are enough to prove, but a scholarly man of very wide knowledge and very wide interests. His mother was a highly gifted woman, and her son paid her a compliment that was far from flattery when he dedicated *Plain Tales from the Hills* to 'the wittiest woman in India.'

Not to be!

Rudyard Kipling was born on December 30, 1865, and spent the first few years of his life in India. He was sent home to England when he was a small boy, and there are some details of a child's life in *Baa Baa, Black Sheep* which read as if they were autobiographical, and as if they relate to these early years in this land. Later on the boy went to the United Services College at Westward Ho! in Devon, where he spent the years between ten and seventeen. This is the school of which he has given so vivid and remarkable a picture in *Stalky and Co.* The Headmaster, Cormell Price, has been previously mentioned as a friend of the Macdonalds in Birmingham. The sketch of him in the book is entirely complimentary, which is more than can be said of the portraits of some of the other masters. When the book appeared there were heartburnings, and it was understood that the master who appears under the name of King was ready to tell his side of the story, but as far as I know he never did. *Stalky* is to-day Major-General Dunsterville, *McTurk* is Mr. G. C. Beresford, and 'the egregious Beetle,' so named for his short-sightedness, was Kipling himself.

After these years at the school he afterward made famous, Kipling returned to India in 1882, still a mere lad, to become the sub-editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore.

His father was then in charge of the Lahore Museum—the Ajaib-Gher, which figures at the beginning of *Kim*—and we may be sure that the kindly curator who is depicted so sympathetically in his intercourse with the lama from Tibet was sketched from Mr. Lockwood Kipling. Later, young Kipling was on the staff of the *Pioneer* at Allahabad. It was this paper, by the way, that sent him in 1889 (after he had begun to be known by his early writings) on a tour to England by way of Japan, Australia, Africa, and America, when he recorded those impressions of travel which formed the basis of the book *From Sea to Sea*.

His early books were published in India. The first was *Departmental Ditties*, which appeared in 1886. The next was *Plain Tales from the Hills*, which came out in 1888. Then six slender volumes of stories were issued (in a series known as the 'Railway Library,' published at Allahabad in 1888) entitled *Soldiers Three*, *The Gadsbys*, *In Black and White*, *Under the Deodars*, *The Phantom Rickshaw*, and *Wee Willie Winkie*. Most of these verses and stories had appeared first of all in the newspaper press of India, and were afterward re-issued by Macmillans in England. Unlike most writers, Kipling had not to wait for long years before he won any wide recognition. These books made him famous while he was still in his early twenties.

That very noble gentleman, Sir Ian Hamilton, has recently recorded the very process of Kipling's rise to fame. Early in 1886 the verses were appearing in the Indian press which were afterward published in Kipling's first volume. These were admired in the Viceregal entourage at Simla, and Kipling's friends in that circle felt that he ought to make a literary début in England. It happened that Major Hamilton (as he then was) found himself compelled to return to England on urgent business, so he was entrusted with a short story which Kipling had written for the purpose, and it was understood that the young officer was to try and get it published by the favour of some of his literary friends.

It was submitted first to Andrew Lang, with whom Major Hamilton was on terms of intimacy. Lang promptly reported that it was 'poisonous stuff, which had left an extremely disagreeable impression on his mind.' It was taken next to William Sharp (who later achieved some contemporary fame by his writings under the name of Fiona Macleod). Sharp wrote to Major Hamilton's brother advising the author to burn 'this detestable piece of work instantly,' and expressing the opinion 'that the writer was very young, and that he would die mad before he reached the age of thirty.' (The piece of work in question was afterward published in *Life's Handicap* under the title 'The Mark of the Beast.') Now this kindly attempt to get Kipling launched in England was made, Sir Ian tells us, late in 1886. But he adds that when he was at a luncheon party at Whittinghame in the summer of 1887 it leaked out in conversation that he knew Kipling, and everyone instantly turned to him, and began to question him with the most eager curiosity. In the intervening space of six months or so, from being utterly unknown, Kipling had become famous.

Something of Kipling's resounding success was certainly due to the hour of his arrival on the literary scene. As his own Bat Masquerier remarks it is not what a man does, or how he does it, that matters in this respect: it is the *when*—the psychological moment. That is very largely true of any sudden fame in the world of letters, at any rate. It is safe to say that Kipling would not have achieved his sudden and startling success a decade or two earlier or later. The earlier period would probably have resented what it would have called his vulgarity and his brutality; the later period would have called the same qualities by the politer name of realism, but would not have found his work so exciting and so novel. It was a *fin de siècle* period into which Kipling made his meteoric entry. The great Victorian writers who still survived were elderly, and past their creative period, and the literary world was full of less gifted men,

some of them graceful and accomplished, some of them decadent and eccentric, but none of them handling virile themes in the vigorous way of this new writer. Kipling broke into this sophisticated atmosphere like an October gale blowing through a Victorian drawing-room filled with delicate bric-à-brac and laden with languid fragrances. But it was not all a matter of gusty vigour. Something was also due to the fact that Kipling brought a strange world to the notice of English readers. He wrote of the remote places of the earth, and not as a mere traveller who described the scene as he passed, but as one who knew the life of strange peoples, and of the exiled Englishmen who lived among them.

Kipling followed up his first successes with a long story, *The Light that Failed*. This appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* as a serial. When it was afterward issued in book form in 1891, the dénouement of the narrative was changed, and the story became more of a tragedy. It cannot be said that the book is a great success. Kipling never succeeded with a long story, in fact, except *Captains Courageous* and *Kim*, and upon a close examination, each of these books might be said to be rather a series of adventurous episodes strung together than a novel of the sustained and structural type.

Then followed in rapid succession (so rapid that it alarmed Stevenson, who thought Kipling was writing himself out) *Life's Handicap*, in 1890, *Barrack-room Ballads*, in 1892, and *Many Inventions*, in 1893. By this time his reputation was securely established as one of the first of English writers. In 1895 appeared *The Naulahka*, a novel written in collaboration with his brother-in-law, Wolcot Balestier. A volume of verse, *The Seven Seas*, appeared in 1896, and *Captains Courageous*, a very readable story of the Newfoundland cod fishery, in 1897. *The Day's Work* came out in 1898, and *Stalky and Co.* in 1899. *Kim*, the best piece of work on the larger scale that Kipling ever did, appeared in 1901.

Here is one thing in Kipling's career which stands out for all to see. He revealed India to the people of England. His short stories had given English readers swift glimpses of India in its different aspects, but *Kim* presented a living panorama of the life of that great land. The familiar sights of India are brought home to the reader with a strange vividness. The imagination and insight shown in the portrayal of character are as remarkable as the gift for describing visual detail. The lama from Such-zen, with his yellow wrinkled face and his gentle ways; Mahbub Ali, the Afghan horse-dealer, with his scarlet beard and his devious activities as a spy; the Rajah's widow from Saharunpore, as remarkable for her kindly heart as for her temper and her tongue; the old Ressaldar, who rode armed with his sword in spite of the law; Babu Hurry Chunder Mookerjee, with his mixture of courage and timidity, of Western education and Oriental superstition—to say nothing of the lesser characters that crowd the pages, the Sikh soldiers, the Punjabi constables, the Jat farmers, and the rest—all these are as vital and vivid as any characters in our fiction. Tested by any reasonable standards of criticism *Kim* is a really great book.

There is also an attractive spirit of sympathy and tolerance in *Kim* that is not so often found in some of Kipling's other writings, at any rate in his earlier period. For his philosophy (and one might almost say his religion) in the first part of his career was a kind of fanatical patriotism, largely expressed in the thoughts and the terms of the Old Testament. The English were the chosen people; it was their destiny to lord it over the habitable earth, and especially to discipline the lesser breeds. The finest of all careers was the soldier's; next to that, perhaps, any administrative post in the far places of the Empire; and, of course, sailors, engineers, and such like had their important uses in the Imperial scheme. But the mass of the English were the little street-bred people who whined and whimpered at home, and what should they know of England who only England knew? Any faith in

liberty, democracy, humanitarianism, peace, was drivel and cant. The great virtues were discipline, diligence, and fortitude, and all these were mixed with a harsh element of pride.

There can be little doubt that all this represented, and also helped to strengthen, a malign influence in the political life of England. Rudyard Kipling was the poet and the prophet of that swashbuckling Imperialism which found its hero in Cecil Rhodes, which led directly to the disastrous war in South Africa, where twenty thousand Englishmen died on the veldt, and which finally flared out in a saturnalian riot on Mafeking night in London. Mr. A. G. Gardiner once described the scene when, at the end of the war, Lady Burne-Jones, Kipling's aunt, hung out a placard at Rottingdean with the words of Elijah upon it, 'Hast thou killed and also taken possession?' When the crowd became threatening, 'there emerged from the house a small dark man in spectacles with words of soothing and peace. It was Mr. Rudyard Kipling face to face with the passions that he had done so much to kindle.' The verdict conveyed in the last words is not an unjust one.

It is only fair to add that in this matter Kipling had lucid moments. Occasionally he saw that some brands of patriotism are repellent, as in the interlude about Mr. Raymond Martin, M.P., in *Stalky and Co.* Once at least he realized that in the last resort patriotism is not enough, as in his most famous poem, 'Recessional,' written after the Diamond Jubilee of 1897.

The war in South Africa seems to have left him thoroughly disorganized in spirit, as well it might, for it was a shattering blow to all his jingoism. Here were obstinate Dutch farmers, who, strange to say, did not joyfully accept the British rule as the ordinance of the Most High, and who, worse still, were impertinent enough to defeat British troops, despite all our invincible traditions in the past. Such things meant that Kipling's own universe, which had been largely held

together by the Union Jack and pipeclay, was falling to pieces. The political changes that followed in England, and the new policy of conciliation, must have furthered the process of his disillusionment.

After this his work changed in character very remarkably. He broke entirely new ground in *The Jungle Book* (1894) and *The Second Jungle Book* (1895). After residing for some time in America he came to England and settled down in Sussex, first at Rottingdean, and then at Burwash, and the scenery and the history of southern England deeply colour two books which again strike out in a new direction, the delightful *Puck of Pook's Hill* (1906) and *Rewards and Fairies* (1910). This is more significant than it seems. It is not only that his imagination found a new world in which to range, but the quiet of rural England manifestly brought peace to the writer's soul. The short story called 'A Habitation Enforced' tells its own tale, and so do the verses entitled 'A Charm':

Take of English earth as much
As either hand may rightly clutch . . .
Lay that earth upon thy heart
And thy sickness shall depart!

Kipling had great gifts alike of imagination and of expression. But he had little power of self-criticism, and he would undoubtedly have held a higher place in our literature if he had possessed more of that gift of detachment which enables a man to judge his own work as he would judge the work of another. Apparently Kipling was quite unable to tell when he was at his best and when he was at his worst. At any rate he often printed some of his best and some of his worst work in the same volume. In *The Day's Work*, for example, side by side with some of his very finest stories, are two others entitled respectively 'A Walking Delegate' and '007.' The one is a fable in which the horses on a Vermont farm talk to each other, and the only point of it is to pour scorn upon those who dare to speak of liberty and equality.

The other is a fable in which the locomotives in an American railway-yard talk to each other, and it really has no point at all, except to exhibit an uncanny acquaintance with the technicalities of railroad operation in the United States. If Kipling had been able to assess the quality of his own work a good deal that he wrote would have gone into the waste-paper basket, and the rest would have stood out all the more remarkably.

Rudyard Kipling's main title to an enduring place in English literature is threefold. First, he was a genuine poet, though not a great one, and he wrote a handful of verses that will live as long as the language. Much of his verse is to real poetry what the strumming of a banjo is to real music, and will only live (if it lives at all) in the way that some of the jingles in Sir W. S. Gilbert's librettos keep in the memory of men. But a small sheaf of verses like 'The Bell Buoy,' 'The Last Chantey,' 'A Smuggler's Song,' 'A St. Helena Lullaby,' 'Mother o' Mine,' and 'Puck's Song,' are sure of immortality. No rational critic can deny the great name of poet to the man who wrote verses like those in the poem mentioned last:

See you the dimpled track that runs,
 All hollow through the wheat?
 O that was where they hauled the guns
 That smote King Philip's fleet.

See you our stilly woods of oak
 And the dread ditch beside?
 O that was where the Saxons broke,
 On the day that Harold died.

Then Kipling also wrote some of the best things that ever have been written in that rather elusive *genre* known as children's books, which are certainly read quite as widely by adults as by children. Here he achieved a triple triumph, for *Stalky and Co.*, *The Jungle Books*, *Just So Stories*, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, and *Rewards and Fairies*, are all masterpieces in their own way. *Stalky and Co.* is one of the best books about school life in the language, and not unworthy to stand

beside *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. The two *Jungle Books* and *Just So Stories* are another striking success, for both in matter and in manner they recapture the authentic quaintness and make-believe of the beast fables of the Middle Ages, and of *Uncle Remus*. (The fact that the boys at Westward Ho! fell under the spell of Joel Chandler Harris's immortal book, as related in *Stalky and Co.*, is probably significant in this connexion.) There is again a very remarkable achievement in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, and its sequel, *Rewards and Fairies*. The pictures of English life in the days of the past are wonderfully seen, and there is more of the real feeling of history there than in many books that make a much greater pretence to be serious chronicles of bygone times.

But Kipling's greatest title to an enduring fame as a writer of fiction (apart from *Kim*) is his astonishing mastery of the short story. It might almost be said that he created the English short story as we have it to-day. It is rather an odd fact that the short story was so late in becoming an established form in English letters. It existed as a distinct literary type in French from the days of Mérimée, Gautier, and Daudet, and it was also found in America (largely through French influence) as the name of Edgar Allan Poe is enough to witness. But a couple of generations later it had not established itself in England in quite the same way. There were great examples of the short story in this land before then, of course; one has only to think of 'Wandering Willie's Tale' in *Redgauntlet*. But such stories were few in number, and they were episodic in character. Now the short story as Kipling perfected it became self-contained and self-sufficient as a literary form, and it ceased to be a mere episode. One of Kipling's short stories is not like an anecdote; rather it is like a full novel condensed into a brief, brisk, vivid tale. Our literature has nothing else to show quite like 'The Bridge Builders,' 'The Tomb of His Ancestors,' 'Bread upon the Waters,' 'The Brushwood Boy,' and 'William the Conqueror.' The heroine of the story which

has been mentioned last said to the man in the Educational Department who proposed to her: 'I like men who do things.' That gives the clue to a good deal of the fascination of Kipling's own work. Much of his best writing is concerned with 'men who do things'; the men who build a bridge across the Ganges, or salvage a ship in the Atlantic, who fish for cod on the Newfoundland Banks, or control a famine in Bengal, or conduct a campaign on the Afghan border. Like Scott and Stevenson, Kipling almost despises his own trade of writing in the heat of his admiration for the men of action.

The achievement of Kipling is undoubtedly a great one. The finest romance about India that has ever been written, half-a-dozen of the most charming children's books in existence, a dozen of the finest short stories in the world, and a handful of lyrics that will be remembered as long as the English language lasts—these are more than enough to give the name of Rudyard Kipling a secure place in the history of English letters.

HENRY BETT.

THE FORM-CRITICS AND THE REJECTION AT NAZARETH

IN his recent Bampton Lectures entitled, *History and Interpretation in the Gospels*, Professor R. H. Lightfoot devotes one whole lecture to the Rejection of Jesus at Nazareth, or as he prefers to call it, 'The Rejection in the Patris.' If in this paper I am critical of the author's discussion of the narratives of the Rejection, and also of the treatment of them by Dibelius in his *Die Formgeschichte des Evangeliums*,¹ that does not mean that I am condemning the method of the Form-Critics altogether. It must be allowed that Form-Criticism contains at least the possibility of fresh advance in the study of the Gospels, and therefore the possibility of acquiring some new light on the life and teaching of our Lord. Even the glimmer of such a possibility should make us willing to give the new method a fair chance to demonstrate what it is capable of doing. It may be that when the excesses and the subjective tendencies of its ardent pioneers are no longer in evidence something of real value will be left.

I

Dibelius sees in the Marcan account of the Rejection at Nazareth (vi. 1-6) an example of what he calls a Paradigm (see *From Tradition to Gospel*, pp. 109, 110). A Paradigm is a short story which was used by the early preachers and preserved for the sake of some saying of Jesus contained in it. Inasmuch as the saying for the sake of which the Paradigm was preserved would naturally and usually serve as its climax, Dibelius says of the account of the Rejection in Mark: 'Originally the narrative perhaps ended in a saying of Jesus which consisted of parallel lines, like the word which is preserved by P. Oxy. i. 1, "A prophet is not

¹ The English Translation by Dr. Bertram Lee Woolf is entitled, *From Tradition to Gospel*.

acceptable in his own country, and a doctor makes no cures amongst his acquaintances". (op. cit. p. 110.) The second half of this saying was, he thinks, changed 'by tradition' into the statement of our Lord's inability to effect many cures at Nazareth: 'And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them. And he marvelled because of their unbelief.'

The word 'perhaps' in the above quotation might be taken as indicating that Dibelius was not quite certain that this particular Paradigm originally ended with a saying of Jesus, while the expression 'by tradition' would seem to show some hesitancy on his part to attribute to the Evangelist himself the changing of a part of the saying into a description of our Lord's inability to work cures. The doubt and hesitancy, however, seem to have been of short duration for he ends the paragraph in which the quoted words occur by saying: 'We are driven to the conclusion that Mark transformed the end of a Paradigm which originally concluded with a saying of Jesus.'

Now granting that this short narrative owes its preservation to its use by the early preachers, why must we think that as used by them it was without the statement concerning the effect of unbelief on the power of Jesus to perform cures? Would not that statement be the most effective part of the Paradigm? Why should it, by being separated from the original Paradigm, and attributed to the Evangelist, be branded as less historical than the rest of the story?

And how does Dibelius regard the Lucan account of the Rejection (iv. 16-30)? In his view there is no separate and independent tradition behind the narrative in Luke. The skeleton is supplied by the Marcan account. Luke, or someone else before him, has transformed the Paradigm into what Dibelius calls a 'Legend.' Dibelius does not say whether in his opinion the words about the widow of Zarephath and Naaman the Syrian were actually spoken by Jesus on some other occasion, but he is sure that they do

not belong to the present context. Moreover the words which Jesus is said to have uttered immediately after reading the passage from Isaiah—'To-day hath this scripture been fulfilled in your ears'—do not, according to Dibelius, explain the amazement of the people in the synagogue. 'Really,' he writes, 'an example of the preaching of Jesus had to justify the astonishment of the Nazarenes. But in this case the author of Luke did not possess the author's freedom which, in Acts, helped him in the composition of the speeches. He dare not put such a "speech" into the mouth of Jesus. Either he, or the Legend he passes on, in the strained circumstances makes Jesus add to the passage read aloud only one sentence: "To-day hath this scripture been fulfilled in your ears." In order to justify the strained attention and the astonishment we must suppose Jesus did not say this, but gave detailed proof—but this is not recorded' (p. 111). We need not hesitate to believe that at this point Jesus said more than this one sentence. Ver. 22 clearly suggests that He did. But the words which Luke gives may well be a summary of what He said, and a speech of which this is a summary would beyond all doubt have caused strained attention and astonishment. The supposition of Dibelius that 'Jesus did not say this' is not justified.

II

Let us turn to Lightfoot. The Lecture preceding the one on the Rejection closes with a discussion of the Passion Narrative in Luke. The belief so generally held that Luke 'had for the story of the passion, in addition to his Marcan source, not merely isolated traditions here and there, the historical value of which may be variously judged, but an altogether different source, to which he assigned a specially high value, for the most part preferring it to St. Mark' is regarded by Lightfoot as 'both misleading and unnecessary' (p. 183). Having reached this conclusion regarding Luke's Passion Narrative he proceeds 'to inquire whether St. Luke

has pursued the same method elsewhere in his gospel' (p. 184). Out of four passages which might have been selected for the purpose of this inquiry the choice falls on the account of the Rejection at Nazareth. All that is said, however, on the immediate subject of Luke's sources in the story of the Rejection is contained in the following paragraph: 'It is probable that St. Luke is here refashioning the Marcan story, perhaps with the help of other traditional material, in accordance with a purpose of his own. He desires to seek precedent in Jewish history for what, at the time when he wrote, was happening, as he believed, on an unprecedented scale, the grace of God flowing forth to Gentiles, not to Jews; and he finds it, very justifiably, in words ascribed to Jesus in connexion with traditions of Elijah and Elisha' (p. 204). This does not seem to differ at all from the position of Dibelius which has just been sketched.

Neither in Dibelius nor in Lightfoot is there as much as a side glance at the possibility that the Lucan story may be a true account of what actually took place in Nazareth, or at the possibility that one of the Synoptists places the incident where he does place it because he thought that that was its true chronological position.

III

I propose to set forth and defend the thesis that the story as told by Luke bears all the marks of an historically accurate description of the episode at Nazareth, and that the incident as recorded by him would suit the very outset of the ministry of Jesus.

At His Baptism our Lord became conscious that God was calling Him to a unique mission. I have no objection to describing the experience as the birth of His Messianic consciousness. After this great experience came the Temptation in the Wilderness, which may surely be considered as a period of meditation on the way in which he was to carry out the great mission which had just been entrusted to Him.

If, when our Lord left the Wilderness, He gave any thought to the question of the place at which He should commence His ministry, is it in the least degree improbable that He should decide to start His work among His kith and kin in Nazareth?

There on the sabbath day He enters into the synagogue and stands up to read. Whether the lesson from Isaiah was His own choice or not, a superb delicacy characterizes the manner He adopts to inform the worshippers of the tremendous revelation of God's purpose regarding Him that had been vouchsafed to Him. 'To-day hath this scripture been fulfilled in your ears'—that was the substance of His comment on the words of the prophet. It is difficult to think that this sentence which thus summarizes what Jesus said can have any other meaning than 'I who am now speaking to you am the fulfilment of this prophetic passage of scripture.' However guardedly and gradually it may have been made here is a clear announcement of His appointment to a supreme task by God the Father.

Is there any intrinsic improbability in Luke's next statement, that the hearers wondered at the words of grace which proceeded out of His mouth? And would it be at all strange if they should feel a certain amazement, and perhaps resentment, at the tremendous claim one of their number was making for Himself? Jesus no doubt expected to encounter some of this natural feeling, but He would expect also to be able to dispel it with ease. In this, however, He was disappointed. Luke does not actually mention the taking of offence on the part of the people before he records our Lord's next utterance—the words about the physician and the despised prophet. Dibelius thinks he deliberately rearranged the three Marcan traits—the amazement, the offence, and the saying about the despised prophet—putting the saying about the prophet in the middle place instead of in the last (p. 110). But is there no offence to be found in the Lucan account before Jesus speaks the words about

the physician and the prophet? The people's question, 'Is not this Joseph's son?' precedes those words. Surely resentment lies behind that question, which arose quite as much out of indignation because of the Speaker's claims as out of marvel at His words. It is immediately after a series of analogous questions that Mark records that 'they were offended in Him.' I do not think Dibelius is justified in finding at this point in Luke a re-arrangement of the three Marcan traits. Nor do I agree with Lightfoot when he says: 'If we rid our minds of presuppositions drawn from the Marcan form of the story, we shall see no reason to think that the testimony given to the words of grace of Jesus, or the surprise which they evoke are otherwise than friendly; nor is the reference to the origin of Jesus meant maliciously in Luke, although it, like the surprise, is a clear echo of the Marcan narrative. And still there is no opposition, even when Jesus in the next sentence informs his hearers that they will assuredly demand external guarantees of his credentials, such as have been or will be forthcoming, as it is believed, elsewhere' (p. 203). This paragraph, as it seems to me, misinterprets the intention of the Lucan words. I see no reason for thinking that Luke is here at variance with Mark who places the saying about the despised prophet immediately after the statement that the people were offended in Jesus. And I find it hard to believe that our Lord would have spoken the words about the physician and the prophet unless He had been conscious of opposition in the minds of His hearers. Surely they are words of reproof.

IV

But, it may be asked, is it in the least degree probable that Jesus would have made a public declaration regarding Himself and His unique sense of vocation? 'So far,' says Professor Lightfoot, 'as we can reconstruct the earliest teaching of Jesus from our primary authority St. Mark, it seems to have been a general call to repentance, in view

of the great nearness of the kingdom of God. We may say with some confidence that in its first stages it contained no reference to himself' (p. 202). It is true, of course, that in Mark, Jesus in His early ministry makes no declaration about Himself analogous to the Lucan statement with which we are dealing; and it is equally true that He enjoins silence when man or demon speaks of Him as the Messiah. The hypothesis, whole-heartedly accepted by Lightfoot, that these injunctions to silence are just a theory propounded by the Evangelist to explain the fact that Jesus was not acclaimed as Messiah in the days of His flesh, is most precarious. Assuming that the injunctions are historical, there is nothing in Mark that would render impossible the view that once at the very beginning of His ministry Jesus did make some proclamation about Himself, some pronouncement about the great task to which God had called Him. I would suggest that the experience at Nazareth—coming at the very outset of the ministry—goes far to explain our Lord's subsequent reluctance to make, or allow, any reference to His Messiahship.

Herein is to be found the explanation of the preservation of the story of the Rejection. Would a story of Rejection by His own people have been preserved as a Paradigm just as a setting for the quotation by Jesus of what looks very like a proverb? We may be sure that the early preachers, as they proclaimed the Messiahship of Jesus, would again and again be asked why He had not proclaimed Himself, and been known as, the Messiah during His sojourn on earth. Among other answers which they could give to this question was that He had as a matter of fact in Nazareth, on the very threshold of His ministry, revealed the great secret to His friends and kinsfolk. And what had been the result? His action had converted the worshipping village congregation into a raging mob. To have continued to proclaim Himself as God's Anointed One would have been to nullify His mission.

According to Dibelius the 'Legends' did not have much to do with preaching. A few, he admits, 'have a slight direct relation to preaching.' Some of these he specifies, but the 'Legend' of the Rejection at Nazareth is not among them (pp. 131, 132). This story, however, as it seems to me, had a distinct and obvious value for the early preachers in the way that has just been shown. It was part of their reply to a persistent question.

V

But what are we to say regarding the reference to mighty works done in Capernaum? The mention of them is almost universally looked upon as a clear and adequate proof that Luke's placing of the visit to Nazareth cannot be historically correct. 'And he said unto them, Doubtless ye will say unto me this parable, Physician, heal thyself: whatsoever we have heard done at Capernaum, do also here in thine own country.' Do these words make it necessary for us to conclude that Luke's placing must be wrong? There are certain passages in the Gospels which imply that Mary the mother of Jesus had left Nazareth and taken up her abode elsewhere. The Marcan account of the Rejection is one of these; for the question 'Are not his sisters here with us?' suggests that His mother was no longer there. Where did Mary go from Nazareth? There are a few indications—slight indeed—that Capernaum was the place (see Mark iii. 21 and 31; John ii. 12). Now I submit that it is neither sentimental nor fanciful to suggest that before He went to Nazareth to open His ministry our Lord first called at Capernaum to acquaint His mother with His call and the great change it would necessitate in His life. A little later Mary stood by her Son when the hideous charge of collusion with Beelzebub was levelled against Him; nor was she far from His cross when He was bearing the agony of Calvary. Would it be strange if now, at the great turning-point of His life, Jesus was minded to see His mother before He revealed His great secret to anyone else? If to anyone, however, this suggestion

seems improbable it is quite possible that our Lord went to Nazareth by way of Capernaum for some other reason which is wholly unknown to us. For all we know Capernaum may have lain on His way to Nazareth from the scene of His temptation.

During His brief stay in Capernaum He performed some deeds of mercy. News of these might well have reached Nazareth before the sabbath on which He entered the synagogue. The two places are only about eighteen miles apart; and reports of any unusual occurrence in a busy, crowded place like Capernaum would quickly spread to the surrounding towns and villages. Further, the exact form of the sentence which Jesus puts into the mouth of the congregation is worthy of note: 'Whatsoever we have heard done at Capernaum, do also here in thine own country.' Seemingly only rumours of mighty works done at Capernaum had reached Nazareth. It is almost impossible to think that the sentence would have taken this form if Jesus had already for some months, or even for a few weeks, been performing His miraculous deeds of mercy. The words clearly imply that as yet the people of Nazareth had had no opportunity of verifying the strange rumours that had reached them from Capernaum.

VI

We look now at the words about Elijah and Elisha. Dibelius holds that they 'have been interpolated into this context.' 'Their original intent,' he adds, 'seems to refer to the hidden gracious choice of God, and thus, as examples of blessing, would correspond to the example of anger' (Luke xiii. 1-4). Lightfoot also finds the sayings out of accord with their present context. He says: 'The cases of Elijah and Elisha do not really harmonize with the saying, "No prophet is acceptable in his own country"; Elijah and Elisha did not confer benefits upon Gentiles because they were expelled by their own countrymen; their acts of benevolence to Gentiles were examples of the boundless

grace of God; nor do the benefits received by Gentiles rather than by Jews at the hands of Elijah and Elisha truly illustrate a contrast between works of Jesus done at Capernaum but not done at Nazareth, since both these places were on Jewish soil' (pp. 203, 204). To this contention that Elijah and Elisha did not go to Gentiles because they were rejected by their own countrymen we may surely reply that for Elijah at least there was often no safety but beyond the bounds of Israel. The word of the Lord which ordered him to leave Israel, of which we read in 1 Kings xvii. 2, 3, may have been meant to save him from Ahab quite as much as from the drought. Note the words 'hide thyself' in ver. 3. But if he was commanded to leave Israel merely to escape the drought, we must bear in mind that the drought was sent to punish the apostasy of Israel, which was therefore responsible for the exile of Elijah; and in the course of his absence from his own land a heathen widow received a blessing, whereas had he remained in his own country widows in Israel would have been benefited.

As for Elisha, the records, it is true, do not give the impression that he was unacceptable in his own country, although in the very story of Naaman it is suggested that he was not known and appreciated in Israel as he should have been; for when the king of Israel received the letter of the king of Syria he rent his clothes and charged the latter with trying to pick a quarrel with him. Elisha does not seem to have entered into his mind. He thought Naaman had come to him to be cured! Elisha had to remind the king that there was a prophet in Israel! (2 Kings v. 8). The king of Syria had better knowledge of him than had the king of Israel! Was the story of Naaman after all as irrelevant as Dibelius and Lightfoot seem to think?

It is possible that Professor Lightfoot in the words we have just quoted is connecting the words about Elijah and Elisha too closely with the preceding statement that 'no prophet is acceptable in his own country.' In ver. 25 we

may be passing to quite a new thought. Jesus may now be merely adducing examples of outsiders being blessed while the needy in Israel received no blessing. Here at any rate were facts analogous to the situation in Nazareth. The lack of correspondence which Lightfoot believes to exist between the examples drawn from the history of the prophets and the case of the people of Nazareth on the ground that Capernaum and Nazareth are both on Jewish soil need not give us much concern. In both cases persons who might have received a blessing do not receive it, while others are glad to avail themselves of it. I fail to discover any compelling reason for concluding that our Lord did not in the synagogue at Nazareth speak the words about Elijah and Elisha.

The story as Luke tells it ends with the intention of the people to throw Jesus down headlong from the brow of the hill on the side of which their city stood, and with His passing through their midst to safety. Dibelius finds here the typical legendary motif of self-deliverance, which is just a part of the filling out of the Marcan Paradigm on the part of Luke or someone else. But is there the slightest improbability in the thought that the dignity and bearing of Jesus did as a matter of fact make it impossible for His fellow-townsmen, even though they had 'cast Him forth out of the city,' to carry out their murderous design? Apparently it is this escape that Dibelius regards as the heart and essence of this Lucan 'Legend.' We have, however, seen that the chief value of the story for the early preachers lay in the fact that they could use it to show how Jesus was led to avoid open proclamation of His Messiahship. They would use it, also, we may be sure, to teach the solemn truth that the Saviour who brought the great message of God's love to all men was forced to turn away when His message was rejected.

J. HUGH MICHAEL.

CHRIST OR KARL MARX ?

A Study in Chinese Rural Construction.

LATE one night I was sitting in this far, inland Chinese town waiting for news of the approach of a Communist Army. The forts round the town were heavily manned, searchlights played from hill to hill, and the challenge of the street guards stirred the night.

The radio was turned on and suddenly a cultured Chinese voice spoke into the room. 'The Central Broadcasting Station, Nanking, China. Report number one. To-day in Nanchang the National congratulation ceremonies on the close of the Communist Suppression Campaign attracted immense crowds. The President of the Suppression Forces has resigned his post as the task is finished.' Outside bugles sounded the 'Alert.' Refugees clamoured at the city gate. Only one who has learned something of Chinese civilization could tolerate this double strain on his credulity.

Yet both facts were equally true. At that moment the Communist 'Capital' of China lay in the hands of Government troops. The great forces of the main Red Armies were tramping westward through the night, breaking the Government cordon as they went, seeking new fields to occupy, away from the strangling blockade. The National policeman had said: 'Move on!' But, far and wide, lesser units of Communist troops were breaking off under a well conceived plan and invading every lightly held county within range.

Fortunately the long-suffering farmer has no radio to rasp his gaping wounds, for, for him, the long night of conflicting political theories showed no signs of dawn. Rather, the break up of the Red forces only brought further pain and loss to his family and fields.

The process known to the Japanese in Manchuria as 'Mopping up' after major bandit operations is beyond the financial strength of the Chinese Government and consequently

wide areas live on in a state of disputed ownership subject to sporadic raids. This County is probably one of the most typical of these 'No-man's-land' areas. For ten years the tide of war has rolled back and forward across it. Communist principles and Government theory have been alternatively practised in it, and at this moment a big section is organized into Soviets. The County town, on the other hand, rests firmly in the hands of the Government, and makes it possible for a foreign observer to study Communism under life-conditions, and in its incidence on the lives of individual farmers.

This County has produced some of the outstanding Communist leaders, as indeed it has given generously to every reform movement, the Church included, since the days of the T'ai P'ing movement. The Christian Schools have paid their quota to the Communist Movement. Old School groups all contain boys and girls since executed for their Communist leanings, and every country Church has had a group which joined the movement.

Every family one meets, Christian or non-Christian, has a gap in its ranks caused by one side or the other. The sign manual of Communism is stamped broad on the land in slogans, phrases and prejudices. Large sections of Communist teaching have got so deeply into the minds of the people that they are no longer recognized for what they are, but have become part of the mental furniture of the people. Moreover, there are many men and women who have seen Communist service, and, having surrendered to the Government, have been through the Political Reform Schools and emerged as re-converted Republicans. There are also constant streams of prisoners serving sentences in the County Gaol. More significant still there are masses of farmers hidden in the rambling valleys, hamlet by hamlet, in their thousands, who in their inarticulate fashion have absorbed the teaching of both sides; lived the Confucian life, lived the jerky Republican life and undergone the forceful regimentation of

rural Soviet organization. They are still there tied for ever to the land, infinitely wise, abysmally ignorant and repositories of information for those whom they respect. No ground could be better for a clinical examination of Communism in practice, and none better for setting out the Christian Way before its most strident challenger—and in robust faith abiding by the result. Can Christ win here? But one must dispense with a theoretical affirmative and, deploying the Christian forces, honestly count the points in the contest. It is necessary in studying the combat of theories to survey first the background against which the conflict is fought. There are certain features in it, which while they are extraneous to Marxism and Christianity alike, yet affect the local programme of both.

The County is in shape a rough circle, with its borders marching with three Provinces, each of which has a population at least as great as England and Wales. The greater part of the countryside is covered with towering mountains running up to 5,000 feet. There are no roads but only winding trails through the hills, the main way being one flag-stone wide. The population before the civil war was 700,000 living in two towns and myriads of scattered hamlets tucked in the valleys, and called caves. This population produced rice, super-quality tea, broad cloth which was quite famous, and paper. Its average earnings were \$300 a householder per annum (30 pounds at par), which is a decent rural income, ensuring three meals a day and two suits of cotton a year, with the necessary social expenses which are an important consideration in Chinese economics. This reasonably prosperous state has a bearing on the reforming zeal characteristic of the County, for it is a well grounded axiom that reform and revolution come not from the utterly oppressed but from those with enough foretaste of something better to make them discontented.

On May 30, 1925, this healthy County was plunged into the vortex of extreme revolution. It shared to a large degree

in the Communist-enthused activities of the second phase of the Chinese Revolution. The Church suffered heavily during this period and was proscribed as an agent of Imperialism. Many of its brighter spirits went out into the Communist movement and took their training with them to the great gain of the movement. This was all very politically respectable. The highest in the land promoted the slide toward Russian methods. Then, with lightning rapidity, the leaders performed a political somersault. Borodin, Eugene Chen and other foreign or Communist agents were dismissed and the unions were proscribed. But the farmer and the Chinese gentleman deep in the country cannot change so swiftly as his Nanking comrade. The creed he had laboriously learned persisted in his head. Moreover, on one side of him formed the hard block of Communist opinion, which subsequently became the Chinese Communist Party and Red Army, and on the other the newly aligned Government forces. He was gripped in a vice. Just across the border, and ever raiding in, was the Chinese Union of Socialist Republics: within the Province there marched punitive expeditions charged with bringing the 'somersault' to success among the common people. Naturally there followed a holocaust of those who changed too late, refused to change, could not understand the change or got mixed up in the obscure fighting. These were simply martyrs to a political exigency. Under a pure Communist system they would not have died and under a pure Republican system they would have lived. Their death is not chargeable to either Party.

In the upshot 'pockets' of Communist teaching remained in everyone's mind. The fighting dragged out into a bitter feud. Soon the County lay desolate between the striving forces, its industries dead. In the ensuing years sometimes the Communist Party and sometimes the Government has held the County town. Always the County has held both elements within itself embattled against each other. Meanwhile 200,000 of the people have disappeared and the land

has been devastated. The Government officials maintain that the people are ingrained with Communist sympathies, the people reply that the Government has done nothing but fight over their land. The Red Armies thrust vigorously in and immediately beg into construct their type of State; the Church, save for ghostly comfort to its faithful members, was out of the fight. But the general result is to bequeath to whatever force seeks to control the County a task of reconstruction. We start from nothing.

The Communist Party, in their periods of occupation, have acted with commendable vigour and speed. Their fighting forces are extraordinarily vital. They can out-march and out-fight most of the troops sent against them and exist on very meagre rations. These facts the people attribute to the fact that their hearts are in their work, and that their organization is a close brotherhood. This diagnosis, like many other popular ones, is probably correct, for it is easy to see that the failures of their opponents arise from a lack of these qualities. Once having gained possession of a town they root out and punish—often kill—the official class, if any have remained long enough to be caught. They then begin a vigorous propaganda campaign and enroll all the manhood and womanhood of the town, sorting out the non-workers as they go—their fate is indefinite, killing, conversion and exile being some of the methods of disposal. The rest are organized into Unions, and a Council of the representatives of these Unions governs the town. They print a credit-currency which is legal tender for all local produce and any outside produce they may capture, for they must constantly raid for such essentials as salt. Their theory is that money is simply a work token and has no need of a metal guarantee.

They are very keen on education, both child and adult, and soon have the schools running on a compulsory basis. Surplus population of able-bodied people is exiled off to other territories. The aged at the best are allowed to escape Nankingwards. Such medicine as they have is available for all.

In rural areas the technique is similar. They drive off the 'T'u hao' (kulack) class, anyone who hires labour at harvest being so designated, and destroy the clan registers which contain the records of landmarks and family relationships. They reparcel the land among the enrolled working population and destroy the old ancestral family system. In this they resort to wholesale exile of the people. A system rather like that advocated by Mencius is used to supply the Army and other essential nonproductive classes with food. For each nine shares of workers' land one is farmed publicly by conscript labour to feed these classes. Propaganda is very intensive. Night Propaganda Schools are pushed, and the theory of work-credit and co-operation is taught simply but well. This is blended with a strong propaganda on class distinctions and serious mis-statements on the evils of the yeoman class. Military training is required of all the able-bodied men, and all boys are organized into a boys' militia. In areas where the Communists have been long undisturbed boys are turned out with quite a fair standard of upper primary education—though its bias is very strong, and some of the ideas which become ingrained in the boys' heads can never be made to fit into the Republican order when the boys are recaptured, and so big efforts have to be made to re-educate them in civics, history and social organization.

To sum up, the system is run with the most commendable thoroughness and singleness of purpose. In comparison with the Republican order this is its greatest advantage. For the poor farmer or farm labourer it offers definite hopes of a rise in life standard. For the other classes, however, it means complete loss and often death. It is very difficult to say that left alone over a long period and with a wide area of control the system would not produce some desirable results. For instance, out of 170 Communist prisoners at present in gaol only three or four are illiterate. This is a striking contrast to the parts of the country in which the Reds have not held power.

In planning the Christian attack on places over which the Communist Party has held control the essentials are to examine (1) The features of their system which are successful; (2) The features which appeal to the farmer; (3) Places at which they have clearly failed; and (4) The state of mind in which they have left the farmer, tenant, the country gentleman and the scholar.

We have taken it for granted that Christianity is definitely a way of life, out of the influence of which no section of human life can be allowed to fall. We regard it as what the Chinese call the 'Tao'—a word of life, a way of life and an order-creating heavenly force fit for rectifying all life's diseases.

Things in which the Communists are successful and which we must adapt and adopt are: the principle of equality, the vocation of hard labour, the indoctrination of rural minds to the point of dogmatic assertiveness. The farmer is attracted by a hope of a rise in the tone of hamlet life, the introduction of new interests into his environment (even a meeting of the local Soviet is a new and helpful thing in a life devoid of leisure interests). They have failed most patently in the inadequacy of the doctrine of equality. It is the equality of one class, and then only the able-bodied of the class, for mass executions of those 'over fifty' have occurred. The system is based on prejudice and hate, out of five grades of people it offers salvation to two only and that at the expense of the others. Personal thought and freedom are regimented out of existence—it is dangerous to think outside of Party forms. There is an appalling lack of humour.

Those who have undergone Communist training and are now free of it fall into three main groups. (1) The largest is the big group of dazed country people. Most of the prisoners are of this group. They saw hope, new life, they savoured it, some of it was good and it all was exciting, then they lost it and are now told to believe that the whole thing was unspeakably bad and social sin. They are mentally ruptured. (2) The second group is the disillusioned. This is a class

of men of higher culture who have been zealous for all forms of reform for many years, and have journeyed through from the first Anti-manchu organizations to the Communist Party. They grew sick of the slaughter of Confucian gentry, and the more delicately minded, and gave up politics, surrendered to the Government and now they live in privacy. Their minds are a deep of cynicism and they are a tragic waste of reforming material. (3) The third group is the recalcitrants. These men's minds have closed clam-like about the destructive points in Communist doctrine and now, though captured and living on 'ticket of leave' in Government territory, they hate the Republic.

The Christian programme must meet two demands. It must meet the psychological demands of these three groups with new hope and spiritual tonic, and it must meet the actual facts of the situation with a programme of activities planned to create the 'Celestial country' in hamlets and towns (hamlets first) in place of the economic heaven that was promised, but did not come. The second must be plainly the outcome of the first or the whole will fail. To meet the psychological need we must become unblushingly propagandist—a terribly hard thing for an Englishman—but 'the quiet witness of a noble life' won't 'get over' in an atmosphere ringing with political slogans. We need a dogma and need to push it hard.

The Dogma is that of Divinely originated equality expressed in family terms. This cuts behind the Communist and Republican doctrines of economic and national equality and appeals to young and old through age-old deposits of Confucian teaching. Its success is amazing. A series of nine talks was given to a large group of farmer Communists which developed the dogma thus: 'The world is an ancestral home, Heaven is the all-Father, we are therefore brothers, our homes are little worlds and learning, labour and capital are family properties all entered in God's Clan register and held in trust for the whole family. We have a model Elder

Brother called Jesus.' The response of the group was practically unanimous. For such an outline embraces and lifts all that looked good in the Communist ideal, and at the same time flings a generous arm round all the other classes and races, while calling down to its aid Confucian ideology which Communism is forced to suppress. There are really few minds which are quite at peace about the class exclusiveness of the Marxian doctrine even when they accept it. There is something in us all which asserts that all men ought to share a good thing.

In working out our programme we have to be ready to face and master every rural problem. To burke one difficulty is to vitiate the whole programme, for the other side admit nothing to be out of their scope. It is a whole life scheme that people want. The Church at present is at work on a sixfold plan which falls under the following general heads.

1. *Worship*. Every means is used to show that good human life is conditional on interaction with the Divine Life. This is a re-statement of an ancient Chinese conviction which Communism tries to uproot and which no one else tends. We find that the religious man lives a life more suffused with colour than his neighbour. Simple things and a simple way of living have more meanings for this man than for others. It gives a sense of invincibility where it is sorely needed. One hundred prisoners lying at a wretched prison were advised to pray every morning. For lack of Christian background they were simply told to pray to the Supreme Father and tell him how miserable their state was. A week later they were radiant with the change it made in their scabious cells. *Worship* is the centre, and Christian programmes must radiate from it and express the urge that it creates. The man who begins and ends with social service, unbacked by religion in the form of warm devotion, will not get so far as the Communist who is an expert at that type of reconstruction.

2. *Health Promotion*. There are no doctors in the County. If there were, without a Christian urge they would not go

into these numberless hamlets. By health propaganda combined with simple medicines the Church can do a lot to stop sickness at its root. For the majority of illnesses are due to sheer ignorance of the first principles of Hygiene. A simple fellowship of Christians bound by mutual promises to apply simple changes in manure conservancy, the balance of diet and cleanliness can work wonders.

3. *Adult Education.* This is one of the most successful forms of Christian reconstruction. By teaching the Thousand Character 'alphabet' and following it up with the Life of Jesus and a small library of books of general knowledge, specially printed for farmers, amazing results can be attained in mental and spiritual alertness. Recently a Provincial inspector who visited a Christian hamlet said that he had never met an adult community with so wide a general knowledge or so capable of managing meetings and organizing themselves. He gave it as his opinion that they were up to the standard of urban Secondary School graduates. The teacher in that hamlet is a young farmer, who himself learnt all he knows in Night Schools, and now after a hard day's work in the fields gives up three hours a day to teaching his brothers.

4. *People's Livelihood.* This phrase taken from the writings of Dr. Sun-yat-sen we use to embrace all the projects which are particularly economic. The main item at present is the establishment of Rural Co-operative Credit Societies. These find the Communist just at his touchiest spot. They produce capital for better farming on a permanent and self-respecting basis, and as an indirect training in self-government they are excellent. The section also contains the introduction of new seed and reformed fertilizers.

5. *Home Life Reform.* The Communist advocates no home; rural China lives under the ancestral home system wherein five or six families under one roof dwell in a state of perpetual tension. The Church advocates what has come to be called the 'small family' but has nothing to do with family limitation!

The small home is a father, mother and their children living together. This idea spreads rapidly and solves many intricate personal problems which once would have led to feuds. At the same time it promotes family pride and gives an opportunity for parental education. Toys are finding their way into the hands of rural children perhaps for the first time in local history. It is strange to think that the pattern of the humble stuffed rabbit can be a means of redemption.

6. *Recreation.* This is a phase of life uncatered for by all non-Christian agencies. For lack of it opium and gambling manage to bind the people. We are putting simple Club facilities into all our rural places and have discovered, among other things, in doing so, an unsuspected passion for music. The touring magic lantern, games of skill, Chinese stringed instruments, debates and—most amazing of all—a Book of Jokes, round out those long exhausting days in the mud of the paddy fields with a worth-while end. Pictures and flowers in the home are coming into their own.

So far as results can show up to the present these lines of attack do yield results. Villages which, since the Communist attack, have lain sullen and apathetic have blossomed. Only to assess the gains by the inadequate gauge of membership returns shows that one section of the Circuit has increased its membership by fifty per cent—all young people—and has enough catechumens to double it in a year. Nine of these youths are studying the Local Preachers' course. One of the recalcitrant class was baptized at Easter. Another, a youth who gave up 'Leftist' politics in disgust, and took to the opium pipe, is helping in a voluntary school. But wider results in general interest and a kind of breeze running through the countryside are equally valuable.

We are convinced by field practice that there is no force active in China to-day more potent than Christian character armed with modern method. As a programme for life Christianity works and brings men over from the other side. We are very happy.

DOUGLAS W. THOMPSON.

A POET'S MOODS: SWINBURNE ASKS,
'CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT?'

WATTS-DUNTON puckered his brows, smoothed with the palm of his hand the back of his head, as was his wont, when perplexed, and replied rumbly:

'No, I can't explain it, but I think about the matter exactly as you do, my dear Algernon.'

I was merely an interested listener to the conversation, and, till then, had taken as little share in it, as a spectator of a match at Lord's takes in the cricket. But had that spectator suddenly found himself, bat in hand, at the wicket, with the ball dead on, and almost at the crease, he could scarcely have been more startled by the suddenness, the eagerness, I had almost written the 'angryness,' for his eyes were ablaze, with which Swinburne turned upon me to snap, almost to shrill:

'Can you explain it?'

This was only the third time I had been in his company, and I admit that I held the great poet in no small awe. Why should I not go farther and say that though, thereafter, it was my privilege many times to be in his company—so far from familiarity breeding contempt, as alleged, the respect and regard in which I held him increased with each new meeting.

The cause of his anger that morning was twofold. In *The Pilgrim's Progress* we read that Christian travelled the road which led from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. The road which Swinburne travelled, led, almost invariably, to one of two destinations—the City of Detestation, or the City of Delight. There was no half-way house on that road. He either delighted in, or detested this or that person, or this or that poet's poetry; and on this particular occasion had lashed himself into a fury concerning a poet whom he and Watts-Dunton mystified me by calling

'Scotus.' Later on that morning, I heard them thus refer to W. Bell Scott, the poet-painter, but at the moment, I did not know with whom Swinburne was angry.

The second cause of his anger was a remark by Watts-Dunton concerning a poet named Herbert E. Clarke, whom I first met at the home of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet. Perhaps because Clarke was the most intimate friend of Philip Marston, whom Swinburne and Watts-Dunton loved, as did D. G. Rossetti—all three addressed a poem to him—Swinburne was extremely interested in Clarke, and expressed great admiration for his work in poetry. On the morning of which I am writing, Watts-Dunton had chanced to speak of Clarke, and added musingly, and meditatively, as if to himself:

'Though our friend Clarke is a true poet and has published several volumes containing poems as remarkable if not more remarkable work than is being done by any of the younger men, his books have had no sale whatever, and when I mention him, the reply almost invariably is : "I have read nothing by the poet you mention nor do I even know his name." I cannot explain it.'

Then it was that Swinburne had turned upon my interested, but otherwise silent self, to demand, 'Can you explain it?'

'I can tell you only,' I replied, 'how Clarke himself explained it, when I looked in on him the other evening. He was occupying himself, not in the writing of poetry, but in dashing down, just as it came into his head, a "jingle," as he called it, the title being *A Ballade of Minor Bards*. I think I can recall a stanza:

They crown each other with boughs of bay,
 Each unto each do they bend the knee,
 They all write poems that never will pay,
 Because they are better than poems should be.
 But, ah! they write not to gain a fee,
 That were a shameful, a sordid thing.
 What do they write for?—vanity!
 Nobody listens, howe'er they sing.

I remember that as I repeated the lines,

They all write poems that never will pay,
Because they are better than poems should be,

that Watts-Dunton guffawed gruffly, and that Swinburne—I suppose I ought to say, of a poet, that he ‘uttered an exclamation of delight,’ but the plain and unpoetic fact is that he squealed. ‘I asked Clarke where he was printing his *Ballade of Minor Bards*,’ I went on, ‘and he replied, “Why, in *The Halfpenny Muse*, of course, a publication which, one day, collectors may discover, for poems, real poems, not such stuff as I write, appear there. For your information, *The Halfpenny Muse* is a sheet of quarto paper, folded into two pages, with letterpress on one side only. It is printed, published, and sold, for a halfpenny, by W. J. Ibbett, Church Street, Epsom. Incidentally, Ibbett is the only editor who will accept my verse, for if I offer them elsewhere, they invariably come back. In some cases, this is because I write as a rebel, and in open revolt against the Powers that Be, but in most cases, they come back for quite another reason. That reason is that if an editor, or a member of the reading public, chances to read something signed, say, Algernon Charles Swinburne, or Rudyard Kipling, or Rider Haggard—the next time that editor or that member of the reading public sees something with the same signature, he is likely to say to himself, ‘I have seen that signature before, and I shall be curious to read this new piece of work from the same pen.’ But such a surname as Clarke, especially if the parents of the bearer forgot to prefix it with an unusual or a high-sounding name, is like the brick which is tied around the neck of a cat, to ensure the speedy extinction and sinking out of sight of the animal. It is a hundred times as hard for a Jones, a Brown, a Smith, or a Clarke, to make any headway in literature, as it is—I must say it again—for an Algernon Charles Swinburne, a Rudyard Kipling, or a Rider Haggard—to say nothing of your Israel Zangwill,

your Marie Corelli, and your Jerome K. Jerome. Of the writings by the last three, I admit I have never read a word, and might have been unaware of their existence, had they not had names that fasten on the memory like a sticking-plaster, or like the posters which bill-stickers paste on advertisement hoardings or walls. But, if one is born with such a name as Herbert E. Clarke, the editor or the member of the reading public who chances to see something thus signed—even if that something be good enough for Shakespeare, and perhaps even he would not be as known as he is, if his name had been Smith—that editor or that member of the public forgets such a name as mine, within the next five minutes. You are about to ask, for I see it in your eye, that as I have mentioned Marie Corelli, whose real name is Minnie Mackay, for the daughter of a friend of mine was at a Convent School with her at Isleworth, and that was her name then, why don't I do as Miss Minnie Mackay has done, and write under a name that one could not forget if one wished to? My reply is that I will never sail under false colours. There is a Coal Merchant called Herbert E. Clarke who seems to have an office for the ordering of coal at every railway station in London—there's one at my own station, Beckenham—and folk ask me if I am any relation to Herbert E. Clarke the Coal Merchant. Now what I hope is that folk ask the Coal Merchant if he is any relation to Clarke the poet, but they don't and never will, for though Clarke may be a good enough name as a Coal Merchant's, it is no use as a poet's".'

Perhaps because of his interest in Clarke, Swinburne had listened—not unamused, I thought—to Clarke's explanation of his failure as a poet. Then Watts-Dunton who had probably heard it already from Clarke himself, changed the subject by saying to Swinburne: 'I should like you to show our friend here that curious old print you picked up in a secondhand bookseller's yesterday.'

'Of course. I shall be delighted,' Swinburne said, and,

turning to me, added: 'If you will excuse me, I will fetch it. I shall not be gone half a minute.'

After, not half a minute, but many half minutes, had passed, Watts-Dunton, whose thoughts were clearly elsewhere, exclaimed: 'What's that?' raising his hand to his ear as he spoke, for he was rather deaf.

'It sounded to me as if dancing were going on in the upper part of the house,' I replied.

I had occasion once to say that Watts-Dunton watched over Swinburne as a wise and loving elder brother might watch over a spoilt and wilful younger brother.

When I, who, thereafter, often saw the two together, recall Watts-Dunton's extraordinary and unceasing watchfulness to shield his friend from the over-excitement which had so injurious an effect upon abnormally sensitive nerves and an abnormally excitable brain; when I remember the more than womanly tenderness with which he soothed and quieted his friend if that friend were unduly excited; and when I remember, too, that Watts-Dunton stood between his friend and every sort of anxiety, by taking the anxiety upon his own shoulders—when I so remember, I ask myself whether such love and devotion were not more like that of a mother for a child than of a brother for a brother. Ill and tired, as Watts-Dunton had confessed he was that morning, the words, 'It sounded to me as if dancing were going on in the upper part of the house,' had scarcely passed my lips before he was on his feet to exclaim: 'Did you say dancing? I hope to heaven nothing is exciting Algernon!'

As he made for the door, almost stumbling in his haste, it was flung open, and Swinburne—I was about to write 'pranced' for he was stepping out like a war horse, but 'exploded' more nearly describes the violence of his entry. No sooner had he flung back the door to cross the threshold, than he bounded into the air, and as alarmingly as if he were about to tomahawk the one or the other of us with whatever the weapon was which he flourished menacingly

over his head. It proved, however, to be nothing more dangerous than a certain literary weekly which Swinburne, who was trembling and twitching with excitement, had rolled up, baton-wise, or bludgeon-wise. Hence it was murderous only to the reputation of any unhappy author whom it had singled out for attack, and in that week's issue, the work of Herbert Clarke was savagely mauled, and the work of W. Bell Scott extravagantly extolled.

What the literary weekly had to say concerning either Bell Scott or Herbert Clarke will not interest the reader, nor will the reader wish that I should unnecessarily enlarge upon the eccentricities, under excitement, of a poet of genius. Were not Swinburne's excitability a matter of common knowledge—Sir Edmund Gosse had much to say of it in his *Life of the poet*—I should hesitate to write of the subject at all.

After a furious outburst against Bell Scott, Swinburne flamed up afresh, in defence of Herbert Clarke.

'Here is a poet,' he declared, 'compared with whom, such an execrable and egregious scribbler as "Scotus" as well as certain of the booby-bards who stand waiting to be hired and to be admired, in the market place, are no more than poeticules. Now listen to what this infamous and venomous rag'—he was referring to the literary weekly—'which I found on my table just now, has to say about Clarke!'

After reading the passage aloud, Swinburne lashed himself into such an ecstasy and fury of wrath, that I was alarmed lest some ill, the bursting of a blood vessel on the brain for instance, should befall him. Hence I was more than relieved when the avalanche of abuse which he was launching against Bell Scott and the editor of the literary weekly, was held up by the entrance of 'The Colonel,' as, since his cousin, 'Chinese Gordon,' whom he closely resembled, came to a command in the Corps of Royal Engineers, the late Thomas Hake was, affectionately, known to his friends. He had come to say that Lady Archibald Campbell had called to

consult Watts-Dunton and Swinburne about some matter in which both were interested, and, so unbelievably sudden, so unbelievably swift—I have never seen anything like it in any other human being—was Swinburne's change of mood, that he was instantly, and as if by magic, another person. One moment his brows were gathered together in a frown as angry and as ominous as a thunder cloud; his eyes which had once been blue, but had 'suffered a sea change,' were stabbing like green lightning, and he was twitching and jerking his limbs under extreme and seemingly uncontrollable nervous excitement. The next moment—was it a Royalist and gallant cavalier of long ago, or a present-day poet who, unruffled of brow, even with smiling eyes, went forward with easy composure to greet his guest, and to bow low over her hand in his courtly way?

For I remember that No. 2, The Pines, Putney Hill, which, with its suburban surroundings, its shops, and its Underground Railway Station within a stone's throw, was a strangely incongruous setting for so knightly and so romantic a poet-figure, seemed suddenly to change into an old Tudor Manor House. We were living, too, in Tudor days, and I seemed to see Algernon Charles Swinburne (who in Victorian days was surely as one born out of due time) cloaked and sworded, bearded he already was, trolling a lay, or drawing his blade to strike at his country's foes, and in the company of such peers in knighthood, and such brothers in song, as Philip Sidney and Walter Raleigh.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

SOME SCRIPTURAL IDIOMS IN ENGLISH

THE difficulty of translating from one language into another without showing traces of the original idiom is well-known: so much so, that the highest praise a critic can give to a translation is that while accurate it reads like an original. Not often, it is to be feared, is this eulogy deserved.

Still more rarely is it earned when, the original being the object of special reverence, the translator endeavours to keep as closely as possible to the very wording. In the case of books regarded as verbally inspired, this desire often exerts a compelling and hampering influence: the translator is anxious neither to show himself more explicit than his author by adding, nor, by omission, to neglect something which, because it is of divine provenance, *must* be important. Hence, in versions of the Scriptures, we find many examples of endless repetitions—natural enough, especially in the Hebrew, but annoying in the English—as well as of ellipses and anacoluthons foreign to the ‘genius’ of our language.¹

Instances of these characteristics can easily be found in the very earliest of our versions. Out of a great number I select three or four from the ‘Anglo-Saxon’ Gospels, dating from the tenth century. These, of course, were made from the Vulgate; but the Vulgate, though not yet stamped with the full ecclesiastical approval given it by the Council of Trent, enjoyed a veneration like that which our fathers gave to the Authorised Version, and not far behind that which the Jews gave to the Hebrew. The translators, therefore, followed it as a rule with almost servile literality, often to the detriment of their English. Thus in Luke v. 4, ‘Let down

¹ In other cases, also, such idioms intrude, sometimes through pedantry, caprice, or ostentation. Many of Carlyle’s Teutonisms are of this kind; but few of them have found a footing in our language. On the other hand, Gallicisms like ‘it gives furiously to think,’ ‘his accent of a German’ (affected by Arnold Bennett among others) are becoming regrettably frequent in present-day writers.

your nets for a draught' (in *capturam*), they render '*on* thone fiscwēr,' an almost unparalleled use of *on*. In verse 10, because the Latin has '*stupor circumdederat eum, similiter autem Iacobum et Iohannem*,' they give 'he wundrode, gelice Iacobum and Iohannem': '*he* wondered and *them*.' In vi. 5, following the Latin order, they write, 'The lord is the Son of Man, also of the Sabbath.' In xvi. 16 we find a sheer blunder due to literality: 'The law and the prophets were until John, and from him (*ex eo*, from that time) the kingdom of God is preached. In John i. 8 there is an ellipsis supplied in the Authorised Version: 'He was not Light, but that he might bear witness of the Light.'¹

In Luke xxiv. 47 we light on a phrase on which I shall dwell for a moment; for it is an example of what has not infrequently happened. A construction, normal in one language, which has been reproduced in another through literalism, may, if the work in which it occurs be popular or authoritative, become legitimate in the new language. The verse runs as follows: 'Thus it was fitting for Christ to suffer, and for penance and the forgiveness of sins to be preached in all nations, āgynnendum fram Hierusalem'; a clumsy reproduction of the Latin ablative absolute (*incipientibus ab Ierosolyma*). Here the Greek has a loosely-attached *nominative* which the Latin represents by an equally loose ablative and the English follows with a still looser dative.²

¹ I may mention incidentally here the verse (John viii. 44), 'he is lēas and his faeder ēac' (the devil is a liar and his father also: *mendax et pater eius*): a misunderstanding which, according to St. Augustine, led some to ask who was the father of Satan, and which has given rise to strange inventions.

² The Vulgate itself is sometimes over-literal, and intersperses its Latin with Hebraisms. Thus, e.g. the Hebrew idiom for 'would that' (*utinam*) is 'who will give?' Accordingly, in Numbers xi. 29, for 'Would that all the Lord's people were prophets,' we find '*quis tribuat ut omnis populus prophetet*': for 'O that my head were waters' Jeremiah ix. 1, '*quis dabit capiti meo aquam?*': for 'O that I had wings like a dove' (Ps. lv. 6) '*quis mihi dabit pennas sicut columbæ?*' (Wiclif, 'who shall give me feathers as of a culver?'). In Job xxiii. 3, 'O that I knew where I might find him,' the Vulgate reads, '*quis*

Now I do not think this construction can easily be found in ordinary English prose of the time; nor does it occur often, if at all, I believe, in the Biblical translations of that admirable writer, Aelfric. But in the O.E. Gospels it is common: Mark v. 35, 'Him thus sprecedum' (adhuc eo loquente): Matthew vi. 6, 'thīnre dura belocenre' (clauso ostio): John xxi. 26, 'belocenum duron' (clausis ianuis). That the idiom was felt to be un-English seems to be indicated by the fact that though there are a dozen instances of the ablative absolute in the Vulgate version of John, this is the only example of the dative in the O.E. of that Gospel: in the other eleven a natural English paraphrase is used.¹

But in *Middle* English, whether original or translated, the idiom becomes commoner. In Wiclif's Bible, for instance, we have (Matthew xxviii. 13) 'they han stolen him us slepyng'; and we shall see more examples in a moment. In the Alliterative Poems ascribed to the author of Gawayne and the Green Knight, we find, in a speech to Noah: 'Schal no flesh upon folde be fonden on lyve, out-taken you aht': No flesh upon earth shall be found alive, vobis octo exceptis.

mihi tribuat ut cognoscam?' where Wiclif, as we might expect, imitates at once faithfully and ungrammatically, 'who giveth to me that I knowe?': a passage which we may be sure few readers of his understood. Jerome has been said to have introduced an entirely new Latin into the world: this is because he Hebraized.

¹ The idiom occurs in Gothic; but I think that even in that language a certain awkwardness was felt. It was certainly often avoided. Thus in Mark v. 2, where the Greek has καὶ νεομένου σαββάτου Wulfila gives 'bithe warth sabbato,' 'whilst it was becoming the sabbath.' In Mark v. 2, it is hard to be quite sure whether a dative absolute is meant or not. The original has the familiar lax construction of the *Koine*, a genitive absolute in loose association with another case: ἐξελθόντος αὐτοῦ ἐκ τοῦ πλοίου, ὑπὲρ ἦν ἦν αὐτῷ. This clumsiness is disguised in the Gothic; for as it happens the other case is also a dative: 'usgaggandin imma us skipa, suns gamotida imma manna' (*Him* going out of the ship, straightway there met *him* a man). That the idiom was really not quite natural, seems to be indicated by the curious instance in Mark xiv. 66: 'And Peter being in the hall below (dative), and there came also a maidservant'; the participle being treated like a finite verb. Occasionally we find a *nominative* absolute; this construction, though rare, points in the same direction.

Whether the well-known Miltonic instances,

Him destroyed,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow,

'me overthrown,' 'us dispossessed,' and the like, are retentions from Middle English or deliberate imitations of the Latin, can hardly be decided with certainty: but I think it likely that Milton felt he could safely venture on a Latin idiom which was already sanctioned by native usage.

Out of this dative absolute sprang our modern nominative absolute; and thus we see in what way a foreign idiom may become naturalized. This particular idiom is, I think, still felt to be slightly incongruous; and it is noteworthy that many participial constructions, such as *notwithstanding* (his rebus non obstantibus), *pending* (pendente lite), *except* and *excepted* ('always excepted my dear Claudio'), *past* (the river *being* passed) and a score besides, have now become mere prepositions. Not one of them, be it noted, prepositional or participial, is found in ordinary Old English prose. It is from the Vulgate that they came; they were transferred from the pulpit to the pew, and thence to daily talk.

When we leap over three centuries, and reach the time of the Lollards, we find in the so-called Bible of Wiclif the same phenomenon, 'only more so.' That work swarms with Latinisms, which, coming as they did in the midst of sound and racy English, must have startled the readers. There is, of course, as we have already seen, the dative absolute: Mark xii. 31, 'out-taken hem.' But that is one of the mildest of Wiclif's thefts. I doubt whether the common man could ever have understood 'For what part schulde God above have in me, and eritage Almighti God of highe thingis?' (Job xxxi. 2: 'quam enim partem haberet in me Deus desuper, et hereditatem Omnipotentis de excelsis?') Or verse 12, 'Fier is devouringe til wastinge, and drawinge up by the roote alle generaciouns' (Ignis est usque ad perditionem devorans, et omnia eradicans genimina). Would the plain

Englishman understand 'Whether pernicioun is not to a wickid man, and alienacioun of God is to men worchyng wickidnesse'? He would assuredly have been staggered by John viii. 37, 'my word takith not in you' (*sermo meus non capit in vobis*: the Vulgate rendering for the Greek phrase which our Revisers turn by 'hath not free course'). Ps. xcvi. 2, 'cloude and derkeness in his cumpas,' follows feebly the more natural omission of *est* or *sunt* in the Latin. As Skeat points out, 'Thou shalt governe hem in an yrun yerde' (Ps. ii. 9) is not (any more than the *on* mentioned above), and never was, good English; it is a simple retention of the *in* of 'Reges eos in virga ferrea.' Nor is 'Lord, be thou converted' an intelligible rendering of 'Convertere, Domine.' But it is precisely by this theological and ecclesiastical path that these Latin words, 'conversion,' 'alienation,' 'perdition,' and so many others, penetrated into the common language.¹

I turn now to the Authorised Version, on the influence of which there is no need to enlarge. For two hundred years it was *the* book of the English people, and formed the style of our writers whatever their tenets. Whigs and Tories, Dissenters and Anglicans, alike fed on it. It is the warp and woof of the writings of Milton, Fuller, Bunyan, Dryden: and it taught the reprobates of the Restoration a language from which, like Caliban, they profited in order to curse. Later still, it was the inspiration of Lamb, Macaulay, and Ruskin, the force of whose words is often missed if we fail to recognize their Scriptural allusions. But I am here interesting myself chiefly in the syntactical influence of the Version: I wish to show how, by its retention of constructions natural in the original but, in 1611, unnatural in English, the book may almost be said to have imposed a new grammar on

¹ I pass over the extraordinary rendering of Prov. xxx. 1, 'The words of him that gathereth, of the son spewing,' for 'The words of Agur the son of Jakeh.' This is not due to Wiclif but to Jerome: 'Verba Congregantis, filii Vomentis'; and is a case of mistaking proper nouns for common. Agar is the Hebrew for *gather*: Jakeh, which is unintelligible, was confused with a word meaning to spit.

us. Such was the prestige of the translators that their very mistakes became models, and their Hebraisms were Anglicized. The process was not unlike that by which Horace and Virgil compelled Latin to assume a Greek guise—a process carried on by a crowd of imitators until the alien syntax seemed native and ceased to shock.¹ That our translators *did* shock at first is certain. Selden, in a famous passage, declares that they made ‘sad gear’ of their business, and were like people who should render the French ‘il fait froid’ by ‘it makes cold.’ This, he went on to say, did not matter where scholars were concerned, but mattered much when the common people made still sadder ‘gear’ of it.²

¹ Many of these Hebraisms, of course, were present in earlier versions, such as the Bishops’ and the Geneva: but it was their retention in the Authorised that stamped them on the language.

² Thus I am concerned rather with such a Greek construction as ‘I know thee who thou art’ (Mark i. 24) —also imitated by Wulfila, ‘kann thuk, hwas thu is’—than with such natural English as ‘most straitest’ (Acts xxvi. 5) which is the simple superlative in the Greek.

A Hebraism which has never been imitated may be found in the strange use of the preposition ‘with,’ which occurs repeatedly in passages not very familiar to the general. In Job xxiii. 14, we read: ‘Many such things are with him’: that is, ‘come into God’s cognizance,’ or ‘are within his power.’ The careful reader may find half a dozen examples of this, or a similar use, in the A.V. of that poem: nor is *with* by any means the only preposition which is employed rather in the manner of the original than in the manner natural to our language. One very remarkable instance is 2 Cor. x. 6, ‘Having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience, when your obedience is fulfilled’ —a terrible case of overliterality, as any Greek scholar will admit, and as can at once be seen by a reference to the translation in the Twentieth Century New Testament: ‘We are fully prepared to punish every act of rebellion, when once your submission has been put beyond doubt.’ This is a passage in which rigid adherence to the original letter has resulted in almost total unintelligibility. This epistle contains perhaps more examples of this fault than any other portion of comparable size: and it was probably what Coleridge was thinking of when he said: ‘St. Paul is often very inadequately rendered, and there are slovenly phrases which would never have come from Ben Jonson or any other good prose writer of that day.’

Most people will rejoice that the idiom represented in ‘He saved Noah the eighth person’ (2 Peter ii. 5), for ‘Noah with seven others,’ has failed to take root in our language. I have come across many

The first thing to notice about Hebrew syntax is that it is simple, colloquial, and 'paratactic.' Where, for instance, Latin uses *oratio obliqua*, Hebrew prefers the *recta*: in fact you can search through whole books without finding even such a phrase as 'he said he had done it': the narrative is carried on in dramatic fashion, the supposedly actual words of the characters being given. A very good example is 1 Kings ii. 39: 'And they told Shimei, saying, Behold, thy servants be in Gath. And Shimei arose and went to Gath, and brought his servants from Gath. And it was told Solomon that Shimei had gone. And the King said to Shimei, Did I not protest unto thee saying, Know for certain that on the day thou walkest abroad any-whither thou shalt surely die? and thou saidst, The saying that I have heard is good.' Here, for a wonder, there is actually one very slight *oratio obliqua*: but think what Cæsar or Livy would have made of it: the accusatives with the infinitives, the subordinate clauses, the involutions!

Another mark of this simplicity is the constant use of what is known as the pendent case—the meaning of which can be seen at once from an example.¹ To avoid, for instance, the clumsiness of a long noun clause, followed by a verb at a distance, Hebrew will repeat the clause in the form of a

misinterpretations of this text, which have shown how easily such literality may cause mischief.

The early English idiom would be 'one of eight': thus Beowulf was 'fiftēna sum,' i.e. he went with fourteen followers (Beowulf, Line 207).

¹ Cp. *Paradise Lost*, vi. 376:

The other sort,

In might though wondrous, and in art of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancelled from heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let *them* dwell.

Or this from a different species of literature:

He that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let *him* lie:

both of which passages are exactly parallel to Isaiah ix. 2, '*They* that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon *them* hath the light shined.'

pronoun or other short word, thus lightening the sentence considerably—in fact making it *easier to speak*. For instance (1 Kings xi. 26), ‘And Jeroboam the son of Nebat, an Ephraimite of Zeredah, a servant of Solomon, whose mother’s name was Zeruah, a widow woman, *he also* lifted up his hand against the king.’ Or (Genesis xxviii. 13), ‘The land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it’: Isaiah i. 7, ‘Your land, strangers devour *it* in your presence’: Judges xvii. 2, ‘the eleven hundred shekels of silver that were taken from thee, about which thou cursedst, and spakest of in mine ears—behold, *the silver* is with me, I took it.’ Of this construction, to which the Hebrew language owes much of its force and vividness, there must be hundreds of instances in the Old Testament. Not one in three is retained in our version; but there are still very many.

Now this is a construction very familiar to us in our own speech, and it is, I should fancy, a natural one in almost all languages; but it is not with us the style of historical prose. Yet our translators use it so constantly that we accept it at their hands without a murmur, and never pause to think about it.

At this point the reader may perhaps think he has had enough. I will therefore give him time to recover his breath, hoping that after an interval he may be willing to hear some more.

E. E. KELLETT.

THE ARCHBISHOP FÉNELON

THERE is an ancient town in the Périgord named Sarlat, to which a little time ago I found my way. It has a distinction not merely on account of its cathedral and other hoary buildings, but also for a collection of old gothic houses, 'hôtels,' as they are called, of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, each a gem of architecture. I have since been reading up its history, and that is how I came to turn my attention to François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon, the famous Archbishop of Cambrai in the golden age of Louis Quatorze. Until I became acquainted with Sarlat, my knowledge of this great man was shadowy, and all that I had not forgotten of the little I ever knew was contained in a doggerel under a Punch drawing by du Maurier quoted in one of the Stalky stories:

De tous ces défunts cockolores
Le moral Fénelon,
Michel Ange et Johnson
(Le Docteur) sont les plus awful bores.

I secured a copy of his 'works,' two huge volumes, two columns of small print on each page. Mental arithmetic suggested that there are at least two million words, and, as you turn over the pages wondering where to begin, du Maurier's libel springs to the mind. Indeed acres of the writings are undoubtedly dull. Of course he himself did not publish them all or nearly all, what is included being largely material, letters, sermons, episcopal pronouncements and so on, collected after his death by admiring friends. Certainly he had a remarkably industrious pen. A further study, under the guidance of learned men who have ploughed through and understood these tremendous products, gradually reveals a story of real charm and human interest.

Fénelon was the only child of the second wife of a Marquis de Fénelon, and spent his early days in the Castle of Fénelon

a few miles to the south of Sarlat, where it is perched securely on high ground overlooking the valley of the Dordogne. Its outer walls, its stout gate, its four round towers and the drawbridge made it proof against marauders, and a great well in the court would, if coupled with an ample store of provisions, enable it to stand a lengthy siege. No doubt, too, that the youth resided from time to time in the Fénelon 'hôtel' in Sarlat. In later life he occasionally preached in the Cathedral where his uncle was the Bishop.

He was a clever boy, though delicate, and was given a thorough classical education, which was continued at Cahors and then at Paris. Destined for the Church, he went in due time to the seminary of St. Sulpice, the head of which was a priest named Tronson, a learned and pious man, who had a lifelong influence over him. Theological colleges inevitably must secure that their graduates think as their Church would wish; they can hardly be expected to breed atheists. And this particular college undoubtedly succeeded with Fénelon. It taught him book knowledge, and the master instilled into him that humility and patience without which true learning is impossible. It taught him also to be a pastor; it showed him, in actual practice in the poor districts of Paris, just what is meant by the 'cure of souls.' But also it made him into a priest, first and last, and the Church to him henceforward was infallibly right, even though it falsely pronounced his cherished ideas to be heresy, though it proscribed his book, though it reached its decision under political pressure and after chicanery and intrigue, insulting to the intelligence.

But those sad days were as yet a long way in the future. At this time, about 1675, he was the brightest of Tronson's young men, a scholar, a preacher and a man of most unusual literary gifts. And he became an intimate friend of the great Jean Bénigne Bossuet, the Bishop of Meaux, the foremost preacher and theologian in France. It was due to Bossuet that he was welcome at the Court and given the post of tutor to the heir-presumptive, the grandson of Louis XIV.

For seven years Fénelon held his office. This most famous book is the outcome of this task. He used to write for his pupil short stories about the ancient Greeks, with a moral in the form of advice given by Mentor to Telemachus. Simple stories, perfectly written, they were published surreptitiously years afterwards when he was living in banishment from the Royal circle. They served only to add to his disgrace, since they included instruction on the proper behaviour of royalty, which the great Louis notoriously did not follow, and they were construed as a criticism and therefore foolish.

If ever there was an Absolute Ruler, it was the Grand Monarch. Across the water Cromwell and others had executed their King, undeterred by his supposed Divine election. A feeble rebellion in France was all that this shattering event there aroused. It was easily quelled, and thereafter, throughout a reign longer than that of any other sovereign, our own Queen Victoria not excepted—he began when Charles I was on the throne of England, and ended when the first of the Georges was reigning—the King's word was law, his lightest wish the universal desire. Soon after he reached his majority, he let his ministers know that he himself was going to govern, and that it was secretarial assistance rather than he required of them. To be summoned to the Court of Versailles was the aspiration of the ambitious; to be admitted to the inner circle at Marly was essential to power; to be banished from the Presence was extinction. As a noble courtier said: 'When one is out of Your Majesty's sight one is not only miserable, one is ridiculous.'

It was a brilliant age. Molière, Racine and Corneille, Descartes, the first of the modern philosophers, Pascal and Boileau, La Fontaine—these and other distinguished names are to be added to those of Fénelon and Bossuet. Freedom of thought had yet to be won in France; there was no hope of it while Louis was on the throne; his stifling of it was the ultimate cause of the French Revolution. Heresy was hateful to him. His most notorious act was the revocation of the

Edict of Nantes in 1687. The freedom given to the Protestants by his grandfather, Henry of Navarre, when he became the King of France, was a thing abominable to the Orthodox Church. For many years the priests could but endure it, but when Louis had consolidated his position, the demand for its withdrawal became insistent.

Louis himself, after his marriage with Madame de Maintenon, became, under her influence, an assiduous devotee of religion. Though he had lived and was living a life of the most shameless sin, no one was more zealous than he in the attempt to stamp out the reformed religion. Bribery and other forms of pressure were tried, and Fénelon himself undertook a mission of conversion in Saintonge and acquired merit in so doing. Dissatisfied, however, with the slowness of the progress, the King at length issued his command. It was an act as foolish as it was bigoted. The French Protestants included many of the mercantile classes on whom the country depended largely for its wealth. They fled before the storm to the great advantage of England and Holland, where they were gladly received, and to the permanent detriment of France. Henceforward heresy was a crime, and the least suspicion of unorthodoxy among his ecclesiastics angered the Monarch immeasurably.

Fénelon himself had an assured position at Court as the tutor to the young Prince, and his piety and charm endeared him to a host of friends. He was made the Archbishop of Cambrai in 1695 when he was only forty-four years old, and the Cardinal's hat could be prophesied for him with complete certainty, until he happened all unwittingly to traverse the Royal will.

It was by comparison with Protestantism a minor matter which proved his undoing. Madame Guyon, a saintly woman and a friend of Madame de Maintenon and welcome at Versailles, had written a book—*Le Moyen Court de faire Oraison*, or *The Short Mode of Prayer*. It had a good reception at the Court, where religion was fashionable and a new point

of view intriguing. She followed this with other writings and some poems, developing a theory known as Quietism. Some of the poems are sung as hymns in our Churches to-day; she is held in honour, for example, by the Society of Friends; and she takes a not unworthy place in the long succession of saintly souls who are known as the 'mystics.' There was nothing particularly new in her ideas, which indeed have been current in all ages of civilization. She believed that true religion depended on prayer, that a devout mind was united to God in faith and love, was indeed a part of the Divine Mind. In real prayer there was often no need for the spoken word, it was a silence of the soul, a 'quietism,' in which evil and good fortune were met with a calm indifference which could both say and mean, 'Thy will be done.'

This is not, of course, metaphysics, still less theology; it is poetry and music. It is a description of the state of mind of many godly people, the Mystics of all the ages, who, baffled by the enigma of life, take refuge in the faith, borne out by wide experience of mankind but incapable of logical proof, that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.'

But this lady's teachings fell on stony ground at Versailles. Unfortunately for her, King Louis was on the throne, and the Court was not only extremely orthodox but a successful heresy hunt, more recent than the suppression of Protestantism, was well in its mind. Under pressure from Louis, a monk named Molinos had lately been condemned by the Pope for his mystical doctrines to life-imprisonment in the Vatican. Were Madame Guyon's theories rather similar, equally dangerous? If it were true that all that ever happened was due to the working of the Divine Will, then evil actions, sins, were caused in the same way, and the doer had no control over or responsibility for them. If it were true that by quiet contemplation and un-questioning resignation the soul could see God, of what use was the Church? The priests and their sacraments apparently could find no place in such a scheme.

And the great Monarch frowned, and Madame de Maintenon, who had had some leaning to her friend's views, promptly deserted her.

But in the meantime Madame Guyon had acquired an ally in Fénelon. He had seen little of her, but he was at the Court when her views became current, and he was surprised and glad to find that they seemed to coincide with his own most intimate beliefs. The idea that such an attitude of mind was not compatible with loyalty to his Church can never have crossed his mind. He had not felt the smallest hesitation in letting his friends know that these were his views. He had gathered around him at the Court a circle of distinguished people, among whom Madame de Maintenon had been glad to place herself. They had come to look to him for spiritual guidance, and beliefs, or rather a mental attitude, such as this had been instilled into them by him. He had no diplomacy, however, and he failed to grasp that the antipathy of the Monarch to the 'quietist' doctrine was in effect a command. On the contrary, he was unwilling to see a devout and honourable woman like Madame Guyon held up to obloquy and ostracized, nay, imprisoned, especially as he knew that the essence of her teaching was not dissimilar from his own.

The theological discussion increased in intensity, and the opposition to Quietism was led by none other than his most intimate friend Bossuet. The contention reached a point at which the King ordered a group of Bishops to pronounce on Madame Guyon's doctrines. Of these Fénelon was one and Bossuet another, and a document was drawn up satisfactory to all parties, and there the matter might well have ended. But Bossuet was unwilling to let it rest, stirred perhaps by the disappointment of the King at such an anticlimax, and there began a controversy, one was on the point of saying, almost unequalled for bitterness in the history of religion but for the reflection that many an age has been stained by headlong and desperate doctrinal disputes, and that the present generation cannot afford to be lofty.

It is hard to understand why Bossuet was so persistent unless jealousy was infecting him. He may have been envious of his young friend whom he had helped to power and who was outstripping him in the golden opinions which he everywhere won and in his prospects of further promotion. At any rate, he employed all his eloquence and scholarship not merely to dispose of Quietism but of Fénelon as well. The Archbishop seems at first to have been all unsuspecting. It became known, however, that Bossuet was writing a book against Quietism, and in due time he sent a draft of it to a number of the leading Churchmen, and to Fénelon among them, asking them to associate themselves with it. This Fénelon was unable to do. It was not that he subscribed wholly to Madame Guyon's tenets, if they can be dignified by that term, or that he was particularly interested in her personal fate. Some critics indeed accuse him of a lack of chivalry. But he could not condemn her views root and branch. Seeing that much less than justice was being done to her by Bossuet, he wrote a book of his own. In it he does not directly refer to Madame Guyon but describes at length, and to modern ears dully, the authority of the Blessed Saints for his own theories. But his original readers would have no doubt at all as to his drift. He intended to be ready with it in the event of Bossuet publishing his book, but, most unfortunately, his friends—he was at Cambrai at the time—rushed it through the press and had it out before Bossuet's book appeared. This was, of course, a tactical blunder, a challenge meaningless until Bossuet had come out into the open. It led people to suppose that he was trying to steal a march on him, afraid of the reception which Bossuet's own book might secure. The effect was deplorable. The Monarch was annoyed.

Both of the books seem harmless enough to calm reading. But in the charged atmosphere *L'Explication des Maximes des Saints sur la vie intérieure* was condemned by opinion at the Court, and before long Fénelon appealed to Rome.

In so doing he further irritated the Royal temper, but he was an Archbishop, and to Rome the case went. He wanted to appear there himself, but to this Louis replied imperiously that he was to go to his diocese and stay there till he had permission to leave. He was thus on August 1, 1697, banished, and as Louis outlived him and never relented, it was a life sentence.

At Rome the struggle lasted for two years, and it was a disgraceful period of intrigue and slander. Book after book wrote Bossuet, and as eagerly Fénelon replied, hundreds of thousands of words, a dreadful waste of his great gifts. The pamphlets were read avidly in Paris and Rome, and the limit of baseness was reached when Bossuet went so far as to suggest that there might have been criminal intercourse between Madame Guyon and Fénelon. The correspondence of Fénelon's devoted agent in Rome, the Abbé de Chanterac, reflects the sordid nature of the squabble. The letters of the Abbé Bossuet, nephew of the Bishop and his representative in Rome, show the fury of the onslaught. He speaks of 'this monster Fénelon,' 'the greatest danger that the Church has ever had.' 'Did not St. Augustine pursue Julien to the death?' He must be silenced.

Possibly the Pope was procrastinating in the hope that something might happen, such as the death of the old King. But, on receiving from Louis a stern letter composed by Bossuet, he at length pronounced the book in parts heretical but with no mention of punishment against its author. As soon as the decision was given, the Abbé Bossuet and a courtier had a race to Paris with the glad tidings and Louis fondled lovingly the hard-won paper. It was the end of this troublesome Fénelon.

All eyes were now turned on him to see what he would do. Would he revolt? Would he recant? What he did was this—He was about to ascend the Cathedral pulpit on the day of the Feast of the Annunciation when the decision was put into his hands. After waiting a while to collect his

thoughts, he abandoned the sermon which he had prepared, read the paper from the pulpit, ordered his spiritual subjects not to read his book, and there he left it, never so much as mentioning the matter again. He was compelled to this by his innate loyalty to the Church, a loyalty, the power of which is always a source of astonishment to those outside the communion of the Roman Catholic Church, but a loyalty, nevertheless, most imperious and rarely ignored. What he thought in his heart is not hard to surmise. And it was all about nothing, as could have been seen had there been the smallest element of Christian charity in the contest, had there been a King who was not an ignorant and intolerable bigot, had there been a public opinion worthy of the name.

But what must have rankled far more than the shock to his faith in Mother Church and the Holy See was the enmity of his friend, Bossuet, the guide of his youth, the object of his unstinted admiration and his most intimate confidence, the man who had consecrated him. 'For it was not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour: for then I could have borne it. But it was even thou, my companion: my guide, and mine own familiar friend. We took sweet counsel together: and walked in the house of God as friends.'

But now came the crown of his career. The loss to Paris was Cambrai's gain. He did not sit down and sulk. He did not eat out his heart with vain regrets, longingly as he looked to the splendour of Versailles. He did not just wait idly until the old King should die and his beloved pupil ascend the throne, when doubtless he would once more be on the road to promotion and power. He did the work that lay to his hand. Never was there such an Archbishop in Cambrai. His predecessors, and he himself, it must be owned, before his banishment, had spent a minimum of time in the diocese. But he now carried on its administration with incomparable efficiency. He was, of course, capable of a much more onerous charge, but this did not lead him to despise the charge which he had. But I will not describe his

work in abstract language. Let us look at the testimony of a hostile witness and catch in so doing a brief glimpse of Monseigneur at home in everyday life at the plenitude of his power.

Great men often have their toadies, and Bossuet was no exception. One of his hangers-on was the Abbé Ledieu who kept a diary of pretty well all that his patron said and did. The most minute doings are recorded day by day, all the scandals at the trial in Rome included, and the wretched man's own part in the dirty work. Bossuet died in 1704 and the Abbé employed his new leisure in travel. He had a standing invitation from Fénelon, given in the far-off days of his intimacy with Bossuet, and impelled by a morbid curiosity, he now took advantage of it.

Travelling from Meaux on horseback with a servant, he arrived unannounced at Cambrai on September 16, 1704. The Archbishop was away on a journey and not due to return till the morrow. The next day, accordingly, Ledieu appeared at the Palace in time to see him drive up about mid-day. He was warmly welcomed by Archdeacon de Chanterac and by a relative, the Abbé de Laval. With them were two of the Archbishop's nephews, whose education was being completed under their uncle's supervision. The party came chatting up the staircase into the great hall where Ledieu had stationed himself. He made himself known to Monseigneur and explained that he had come with a letter from one of Fénelon's friends, Madame de Maisonfort.

Though Fénelon knew well enough who he was, he treated his guest with the most complete courtesy. He engaged him in conversation for a while, and when dinner was announced, they went together to the dining-room. The Archbishop blessed the table and took the principal place, de Chanterac sitting on his left. The other members of the household seated themselves indifferently as they strolled in, but Ledieu was placed by Fénelon himself on his right hand. In all there were fourteen people present.

'The table was served magnificently and delicately. There were several kinds of soup, good beef and mutton, entrées and ragouts of all sorts, a great roast joint, partridge and other game, peaches and grapes which were exquisite even though we were in Flanders, some very fine pears, good red wine but no beer. There was a great quantity of silver on the table, which was both heavy and fashionable, and there was an adequate number of serving-men.'

The Archbishop looked after him well and drank to his health 'quite seriously but in a manner both easy and polite.' In the room were other larger tables, and it was Monseigneur's practice to have the ecclesiastics in his diocese to dine with him, unlike in this respect the Archbishops of Reims and Paris who evidently were much too dignified. 'It is a great modesty in M. de Cambrai, considering his ducal and princely rank and his great riches, to have at his table all the priests around him.'

The Archbishop himself ate little, mainly soft foods. For example, at the evening meal he contented himself with eggs in milk. Ledieu remarks how spare the Archbishop was and records that Fénelon himself said that nobody could be leaner. He was, however, very fit and not fatigued by his journey. Ledieu's explanation is that it was chagrin that was 'gnawing at him.' 'For besides being thin, he had a very mortified air. Although his manner was polite and unconstrained, he never cast off his mortification. His talk was about piety and fidelity in the service of God. He wished to keep up his character as a man of spirituality, a mystic whose inmost thoughts were solely of his own and other people's salvation.' But possibly he was not very troubled about these things.

After dinner the party went to the large bedchamber which the Archbishop used as a reception room, being content with quite a small room to sleep in. Coffee was served, Fénelon himself helping Ledieu to it. They had not been there long when the Dean came bursting in. He was made extremely

welcome. He talked fast and loud in a high voice with heaps of gestures. 'Not respectful enough,' thought Ledieu. News of the Court at Brussels, current topics, the journey which Monseigneur had just completed—he had been away for three weeks at Tournai, Courtrai, Lille and elsewhere, a regular progress—and how disappointed were the Governor and the Curé at Courtrai that he could not stay a day longer and preach in the Church. 'I easily understood how this prelate comes to be looked on as the only bishop who is any good in Flanders.'

For about an hour in the afternoon the Archbishop went to call on the Governor of Cambrai, Montbron, with whom and with whose wife he was on the very friendliest terms. He was indeed her spiritual 'director,' and a rare task he had with her, as can be seen from a string of letters which he wrote to her. Ledieu used the opportunity to have a look round, and he gives us a description of the splendid palace, remarking how Fénelon had used his wealth in its enrichment. After a while the Archbishop came back and soon the Governor returned his call. Ledieu withdrew, and found the Abbé de Beaumont and later the young nephews in the garden and had a good gossip with them. When the Governor had gone, Fénelon sent for Ledieu again. Not a word was said about Quietism or about Bossuet, except that Fénelon asked for details of Bossuet's death and inquired particularly who had been with him at the end. Evidently, thought Ledieu, the Archbishop was of opinion that Bossuet had need of a confessor. He also says that M. de Cambrai, unlike most other prelates, played up to the magistrates. 'His government is pure politics.' He had heard his master make this jealous and fatuous remark, and he quotes it approvingly.

After supper there were household prayers, and soon Ledieu was conducted to his bedroom across the quadrangle by a lackey complete with torch. He spent the next day sight-seeing and then passed on. It must have been a surprising

experience for him. Evidently he expected to see the great man eating his heart out, incensed, bitter, mortified. Instead he saw open-hearted hospitality, complete courtesy, a community of Christian friends hard at work and without malice, a highly successful administration. It was incredible—yes, certainly—slightly disappointing.

A few weeks later, when he had had time to ruminate, he wrote a letter to Madame Maisonfort. It was solely due to her, he says, that he must attribute all the attention which Monseigneur had heaped on him, so freely indeed that it had caused him some confusion. 'I have experienced the sweetness and consolations of his conversation, and I shall never forget the great importance which he attaches to the faithfulness of saintly souls, their perfect union with God and the mépris of life whether in sickness or in health. He is absolutely venerated not only in his own town and diocese but throughout all these provinces, and this veneration is shared equally by the humble and the great.' He refers to the journey in Flanders and how the Elector of Cologne had kept him at Lille in order to enjoy his society. At Cambrai 'everything was at his feet.' 'One is struck by the magnificence of his table, his apartments and furniture, but in the midst of all this, what redounds immensely to his credit is the modesty and the very mortification of this holy prelate . . . His manner and his conversation were most affable, just as before when I knew him seventeen or eighteen years ago.' He regrets that he had only observed him in private amongst his household, but he would greatly like to see him in public and hear him preach and to follow him as he visited his seminary, his public schools, his curés and parishes. He was writing to a friend of the great man, and indeed, as no doubt he had well in mind, the lady sent on the letter. But what perfect evidence it all is! The lap-dog of the bitter, venomous Bossuet can hardly believe his eyes.

This, then, was how the Archbishop bore his defeat. The scramble for promotion and power is a sorry spectacle, whether

in Church, State or elsewhere. Not often does ambition consort with worth. The best ruler, said Plato, is the man who does not want to govern. Oliver Cromwell would far rather have kept his sheep. And to a man like Fénelon the blows of fortune must have been things of trifling importance. He could not but be saddened when he saw the direction of great affairs left in the spiteful and incompetent hands of men whom he must have known without egotism to be his inferiors. He would doubtless ponder wistfully on the good that he might have done, had things been ordered differently. He could not be blamed for sighing for a change. But no matter, let him do the task assigned, whatever it be, with a single eye to the glory of God.

Sometimes in a case like this the opportunity comes overwhelmingly after waiting. But it was not so for Fénelon. No doubt he looked forward to the time when his pupil would be on the throne and when he could take again his rightful place in the counsels of Church and State. The prince frequently wrote to him and from time to time paid him precious visits. But he had the misfortune to have to try conclusions with no less a person than Marlborough and was disastrously defeated at Oudenarde in 1708. Three years later he was dead. He was quickly followed to the grave by de Chanterac and by every one of the Archbishop's bosom friends. Still the old King lived on, the glory of his reign being sadly dimmed by Marlborough and replaced by a gloom and anxiety and a further feud in the Church, amidst which Fénelon himself, in his fourteenth lustre, died. And still the old King lived on.

J. A. DALE.

COUNTRY LIFE IN JAPAN

I

AFTER the long summer rains, the sky has cleared and the earth brightens. 'Like the April anger of woman, the gentle sky has wept itself serene.' And once again, scantily clad to welcome the summer air, we could traverse winding roads through terraced rice-fields with their stiff and sturdy green, up and up to pine-clothed hill tops where

multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.

By what gigantic might had these sombre rugged rocks been upheaved into purple cliffs? What wind or bird had carried the seeds of the fragrant pine to these high and perilous dwelling places? And what tenacity of life perpetually renewing itself in the presence of turbulent tempest and inhospitable storm is here unveiled? *Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord, Most High!*

Like an eagle's nest, on the rim of the cliff, far above the sea, sits a little shrine, sharing in sun and rain, and in sweet converse with the whispering pines and comforting clouds. Throughout the centuries the friendly little god has dwelt here (his neighbours say for two thousand years), until he and his dwelling have melted into the landscape and become one with it. From its own trees wood has been hewn to build the shrine. And it is the repose and grace of the grove itself which, through the heart and hand of man, has come to such lovely expression in the gentle sloping curves of roof and arch.

Yet it is too much to say that the god is cherished. He is too little a god to be cherished. He does not do much for his people nor does he expect much from them. He is satisfied with the gift of a few red towels for worshippers

to dry their hands on after the ceremonial cleansing from the great stone water basin, or with a penny or two thrown into the great money box before the shrine, or even with a few grains of rice. In any case, one never brings one's prayer *quite* empty-handed. And this is a little god—only one of myriads, as the tradition has it. One must take many little offerings to many little gods, and they quite understand.

And then, too, one need not put all one's trust in one god. Behind the big shrine, at the foot of a great cryptomeria tree, is a little fox-god shrine. In case the god of the big shrine does not bring the desired help, the little white china fox with the pink ears, who sits so pertly under the shelter of his doorless shrine, is kind, and one may appeal to him, too, without disrespect to the god of the more imposing shrine. Or, also in the shrine grounds is a sacred stone, girdled with a *shimenawa*.¹ Here, too, is divinity, who, or which, may attend one's case if a few grains of rice are dropped in the little box before it. Or it may be a great tree, living or dead, which has awakened veneration, for all about are sacred objects in which divinity breaks through the hard crust of earth and makes itself available. The idea of divine immanence is a philosophical idea, and in such form did not exist in the childhood of the race. But it had a near equivalent—namely, the sense that the world was filled with divinity, and that everywhere the sacred might break out, so to speak, and localize itself, and that in countless cases it had done so.

The little gods, one does not love; one uses them. One fulfils one's obligations to them and then lets them alone. And because the little gods demand so little, they are so little. And because they are so little, they demand so little. The tragedy of the little gods is that their littleness stunts the growth of men. It is only the Great God whose demands are great enough to create a great race of men. *And what*

¹ A braided straw rope festooned about sacred objects to designate them as such.

doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? Can there be a more significant demand than this? Does not such a demand reveal a God who is sufficient?

The shrine god is a little god—but yet a god. He is a finger pointing heavenward, if only a finger. And in the stillness and solemnity of this Bethel, hallowed by my fellowmen from ancient time, I, too, remove my hat, bow my head, and pray that He in whom all fullness dwells may take up His eternal abode in the hearts of those who worship here.

II

It is a hot morning in August. The little motor-boat is due to start across the bay to Shiogama at eight-thirty. People come running to the wharf, both men and women. There are some middle-school boys who have been swimming, and have been tanned almost to chocolate. They come running to the boat with coats and trousers over their arms, and scramble pell-mell on to the upper deck. An older man, hot and red from the sun, appears clad only in shoes and loin-cloth. To keep his clothes fresh and dry, he carries his white gauze shirt, his black-and-white striped neck-tie, and his neat grey trousers equipped with both sport-belt and suspenders, on his arm.

Twice, after the boat has left its moorings, belated old women come running, wildly waving their arms and shouting. Twice the boatmen return to the wharf to take on these tardy passengers. It is a friendly seaside village, where people have plenty of time to be kind to one another. No one is in a hurry. And no one is angry or even makes comment at the fact that the boat makes three attempts before it succeeds in nosing its way out of the breakwater. It is assumed by all that schedules will not interfere with being helpful.

Fore and aft the boat is loaded with bundles of seaweed and kindling wood, so we clamber on to the top deck. Clean

matting has been spread out, and this is the mute but infallible sign for us to take off our shoes before sitting down. The matting takes the place of chairs; we sit tailor fashion, or squirm about as best we can to prevent our legs from becoming numb, and before long we are becoming acquainted with our fellow-passengers.

A woman with a blue kimono, having a design, in white, of drooping cherry branches in bud seen through spring mist, is lying on her stomach on the floor, her bare feet sticking up in the air, her toes grasping the iron rod which supports the canvas roof. She and her little daughter are eating a tomato together, as they leisurely wait for the boat to start. One after the other, they take a bite until the tomato has disappeared. The little four-year-old girl is dressed foreign style, in a white dress with red polka dots and ruffles. Presumably the man sitting nearby is the woman's husband. In any case, they are engaged in familiar conversation. His fan is in his hand. Beside him is his packet of cigarettes and a box of safety matches. He has taken off his lovely dark blue silk kimono and sash, and his wife has folded them up and laid them away for the moment. His new white underwear looks so clean and cool, and the winds can now fan his unconfined legs.

Three women have come with their two-year-old baby boys. Two of the children are nursing, and a breast protrudes from the kimono of the third mother, ready to be availed of whenever the young master of the house feels rising within him the desire for refreshment. Two of the women have no upper teeth between the eye teeth, which seem half again as long as they need be, as if in compensation for the missing ones. The third woman has blackened her teeth to indicate her married state, and to make herself unattractive to members of the male sex other than her husband, to whom she does not need to be attractive but only useful. This effect gives her opened mouth a weird cavernous appearance. One of the women

is better dressed than the others. Her sash, which appears to be rayon, has a design of pink, grey, and black dragon-flies, larger than life size, darting at various angles over a background of conventional clouds in grey-blue shading into white. Here and there a pretty touch is added by stitches of embroidery on the wings or heads of the insects. Two servant girls, whose constant smiles reveal their many gold-covered teeth, sit behind the woman with the pretty sash. They admiringly feel of its quality, and turn up the bottom flap to inspect the under surface.

And so, in friendly *camaraderie*, we accomplish our journey over the quiet waters of the bay. Country people are invariably kind and interesting. They like to chat with the stranger, and one never need be lonesome in travelling in the most out-of-the-way places in Japan. No matter how crowded trains or motor-buses may be, the people are always good-natured. Like children on an excursion, the Japanese are never so happy as when they are going somewhere. And it is always a pleasure to travel with people who manifestly enjoy their cozy and beautiful country so much.

III

The pig in Japan lives a dog's life. Commonly, when he is weaned, he is put into a pen perhaps four or five feet square, and from which he is not permitted to depart during his lifetime. The pig-house is commonly constructed of rough slats nailed sufficiently close together to prevent the pig from escaping, and thatched over with inadequate straw. Although all classes of Japanese love the hot bath more than any other people on the face of the earth, and have the enviable reputation of being the world's most frequent and hilarious bathers, it never occurs to them that their poor pig might like to bathe, too. Alas, the pig must be made to live up to his reputation, and therefore be denied the cool freshness of cleansing water. I have seen pedigree pigs in sties so little and so cruelly filthy that there would

seem to be no forgiveness for it either in this world nor in the age to come.

It seems indeed strange that there yet remains in Japan so much indifference towards the sufferings of animals, and even a callousness in inflicting it. The Japanese people themselves are so commonly a mild-mannered people, not given to the display of violent temper. The outbreak of the mob spirit is indeed fearful in Japan. Even college students can mingle barbaric cries when they lose control of themselves. But yet it is true that Japanese usually possess a remarkable self-control; and gentleness is one of their most charming characteristics. Furthermore, throughout the centuries Buddhism has inculcated, in even exaggerated form, a love for all sentient beings. From ancient times mendicant priests have carried a *shakujō*, a staff, to the top of which are affixed clanging metal rings. By striking it on the ground, they would frighten away worms and insects that might be in their path to prevent trampling upon them. Hōnen, the Buddhist Saint (1133-1242) said: 'Indeed all living things may at some time in the past have been our fathers and mothers, and so should surely not be eaten.' In modern times, too, it is reported that a Buddhist Young Men's Association held a memorial service for 34,000 frogs, 7,000 rats, 1,000 hares, 500 dogs, 500 cats, 300 hens and 500 doves dissected in the study of anatomy in Kyushu Imperial University. Thus the religious tradition of Japan has taught a genuine veneration for animal life.

However, it appears that the Buddhist emphasis has tended to develop almost a superstitious hesitancy to take animal life, and a consequent indifference to protracted suffering of animals. One who would shrink from killing a cat would drop it over a fence or drive it away from home, and feel comparatively virtuous. The abuse of horses is one of the most pitiful things to be seen on the streets of Tokyo. Clearly the Buddhist spirit of benevolence has not yet come to its full realization in regard to animals.

But when ninety per cent of the farmers possess farms under five acres, and half of them seek to make a living from less than an acre and a quarter of ground, how is it possible to treat a pig like a person? Or like a possible ancestor?

IV

In certain country districts of Japan Communism has found a surprising welcome. And because it always appears as an evangel, announcing the end of the present evil age and the near advent of the age to come, it has become an immediate competitor of Christianity which has largely abandoned its ancient apocalyptic hope, settled down to the prospects of a long history, postponed the coming of its Kingdom until the end of a slow and gradual evolution, and has therefore seemed of less urgent importance. Christian ministers who live in the country must know how to reckon with Karl Marx and Lenin, as well as with Luther and Karl Barth.

A Communist acquaintance recently said to a young minister: 'You belong to the *bourgeoisie*. You let your hair grow long so that you can part it, and use hair oil. I keep my hair close-cropped and spend only fifteen sen at the barber's, whereas you spend thirty or forty sen.' The minister was quite perplexed as to how to reply. He went home and thought about the matter and discovered a way out. Some time later, he hunted up his Communist friend and said: 'Say, buddy, you are living rather luxuriously, aren't you? Your hair-cut costs you fifteen sen: my wife cuts my hair. I go to the barber only once a year, when I go to Tokyo to Annual Conference.'

And when this minister goes out on the street he does not wear wool clothes. He has, indeed, a proper frock coat for pulpit use, but he must not appear so finely dressed as he mingles in daily intercourse among the people of his town. His wife has a Singer sewing machine and understands well how to use it. They bought black cotton cloth

for two yen, and she made a complete suit—coat, vest, trousers—for her husband. One day, dressed in his home-made clothes, he had gone down the street on his bicycle to make a pastoral visit. His host rubbed the cloth of the coat between his thumb and forefinger and remarked: 'That's a pretty fine suit you have, isn't it?' 'Yes,' replied the minister triumphantly, 'it cost two yen!' And this particular minister is a graduate of theological seminaries both in Japan and in America.

Thus differences in standards of living continue to be an annoying and unsolved problem. 'Read while you are in school,' advised a group of older ministers to a group of theological students, 'because, when once you enter the active ministry you will have no money for the purchase of books.' This minister lives in a four-room house, two rooms upstairs, and two down. It has a tile roof, and the outside walls are plastered and white. It hinders his effectiveness in the community, he thinks, that he should be living in such a conspicuous house. The interior of the house is, indeed, old and bare and poor, but the people on the outside can't see the inside, and they judge according to the outward appearance, and not according to the heart.

And it requires still more explaining to account for the apparent luxury of the missionary. Most missionary homes are large and pretentious-looking; this is true even though they may not possess a single architectural grace. In the first place, they are commonly constructed in foreign style, and this at once marks them off from their surroundings. Among Japanese, only the wealthy or the nobility can have foreign style houses, although many of the professional classes now have one 'foreign room' added to their dwelling. To have such a room is to be quite *distingué*. Again, the missionary's home is commonly surrounded by a comparatively large grass or garden plot. This makes it one of the great houses of the town. Moreover, the missionary is likely to have a piano, and this is indeed evidence, in the country,

of high rank. In a certain town of 35,000 population there are eight pianos. One of these is in the missionary home. Also, the missionary has chairs and tables and beds. He needs table-linen and silver, curtains, and carpets. He must have a living-room, a dining-room, a study, a guest-room, a kitchen, a bathroom, besides bedrooms for his family, and other sorts of little rooms which are useful and convenient, if not necessary, to the comfort of a growing family. He cannot live and eat and sleep in the same room, as Japanese can, because he cannot sit and eat and sleep on the floor. He is bound to his heavy furniture and therefore requires a comparatively large house. Thus his life seems and is so much more elaborate than that of the common people of Japan.

Mr. Hiroshi Saito, in defending the wage scale of labour in Japan, stated that 'it would be difficult to decide which is the happier, the Lancashire or the Japanese workman.' But the real question is not which is happier, but whether each is adequately provided with the goods of life. The recent Annual Report of the Yokohama and Tokyo Foreign Board of Trade says that, 'Only those who are not sufficiently acquainted with the conditions existing in Japan can talk of inadequate wages and of a low standard of living' for labour. But such an opinion assumes that the standard of living among labourers should remain stationary on a level which Japanese employers themselves would consider despicable. In a world which is so rapidly changing as is modern Japan, a stationary standard of living for labour is neither desirable nor possible. And when will we learn that it is impossible permanently to maintain a high standard of living unless we are earnest in our endeavour to lift all mankind up to it? We cannot for ever rise by treading others down and by keeping them submerged. "I shall raise the weak!" saith God.¹

¹ A line from Margaret Widdemer's impressive lyric, 'God and the Strong Ones.'

V

A primary school teacher, a Buddhist of the Nichiren sect, once asked a class of boys in his country school who was the greatest man in the world. 'His Majesty the Emperor,' was the almost unanimous answer. However, two children who had attended the Christian kindergarten replied: 'Jesus.' This heretical answer caused considerable concern. But fortunately a rather ingenious way of resolving the difficulty was found. The peace-maker set out to demonstrate by the logic of observed practice that there was a god other than the Emperor Meiji. The argument ran: 'When during Meiji Tenno's last illness, the people prayed for his health, to whom did they pray? They couldn't have prayed to the Emperor himself, could they? When you are sick you may pray to Meiji for your health, but to whom did the people pray *for* Meiji? *Ergo* there is another God besides the Emperor.' *Quod erat demonstrandum*. And so the trouble was mended, and a place made for the Christian God.

VI

Soldiers, soldiers, soldiers—on hot days marching with heavy hot accoutrements on their backs, their drab clothes sopping wet with perspiration. Some are digging trenches and aiming machine guns from behind them. Others are charging at an imaginary enemy with blood-curdling yells. They fall on their faces and click their guns; again they rise, advance, and fall to rise again. Yet others look like deep-sea divers, or pig-snouted beasts, in their gas helmets. With heavy waddle they lug their guns forward as at the command of their officers they endure the hardening process. Another squad has fastened dishevelled straw on their caps and shoulders in order to present a camouflage to any reconnoitring airplanes. It looks funny, and one wants to smile; but one must not smile at such serious business. This is preparation for peace. Does not the peace of the world to-day rest in the arms of the soldiers? Is it not to preserve the peace of the world that the men of the world practise war? So

at least runs the argument. And to most people it seems plausible enough.

And yet there is a cruel moral cynicism—sometimes misnamed 'realism'—which underlies all this modern preparation for war. This is the modern antichrist: to deny, whether explicitly or by assumption, that there is a morality applicable among groups, or that groups are capable of being subject to the moral law, and to affirm that to be right which one has the power to enforce. To grant to the military any power in international life greater than is granted to the police force within national life is to adopt an essentially amoral, if not indeed an immoral, attitude towards international life. There is no greater need to-day than a careful re-study of the field of moral applicability. To what extent do the forces which control men and nations lie beyond the control of the moral will? What rights can be said to be inalienable to either individuals or groups? Adolf Hitler asserts in *Mein Kampf* that the need to secure food for its own people creates the moral right of a nation to engage in colonial-political activity, and to obtain control of foreign territory. 'The plow is then the sword, and out of the tears of war grows the daily bread of posterity.'¹ These are fearful words and Herr Hitler ought to know that other things than bread grow out of the tears of war, and yet the point of view does represent the strange morality (to what extent it can be called morality is the problem) of nationalism. Are we to be made to ask with Shelley:

Why God made irreconcilable
Good and the means of good?²

Japan's common justification of its creation of Manchukuo is that Manchuria is the 'life-line' of Japan, that if Japan is to survive, not only must it have access to the natural resources and trade of Manchuria, but it must be assured in perpetuity that no hostile nation shall use Manchuria

¹ *Op. cit.*

² 'The Triumph of Life,' lines 230, 231.

as a base of activity against the Empire. From Japan's standpoint there was no way to guarantee these conditions deemed necessary to survival except to secure them by force of arms. Hence Manchukuo. Japan has reached that state which, Herr Hitler says, warrants a nation in demanding for itself more territory, namely, it has outgrown its borders. And is not growth always a 'natural' process which in a sense lies beyond morality, or better, creates its own new morality, and thus renders obsolete any moral code applicable to earlier stages of growth? I believe it is some such amoral philosophy of history—now commonly called 'realism' in Japan—which has made the accusation that Japan has broken the Kellog-Briand Pact and the Nine Power Treaty sound academic and irrelevant to most Japanese. When the Kellog-Briand Pact and the Nine Power Treaty no longer seemed able to guarantee security to Japan, the military, at least, were willing to ignore them with a good conscience. Their first obligation, they believed, was to Japan, not to the world. And if the needs of Japan seemed to them to grow faster than the peace pacts made provision for, their duty seemed to be to Japan rather than to the peace pacts. And according to their interpretation, the needs of Japan which were at stake were of such importance that they must be immediately secured though it meant defiance of the public opinion of the world.

The persistent emphasis in Japanese propaganda upon the fact that the establishment of Manchukuo is a *fait accompli* is a part of the effort to remove the whole matter from the realm of moral consideration and to shift the basis of argument. The essence of the argument is that what had to be had to be, and what is, is, and that necessities and facts do not follow but create their own morality. This is what is meant in Japan when publicists and diplomats constantly urge that foreign interpreters mistakenly approach the Manchurian question from the idealistic point of view, instead of with the realism which characterizes the Japanese

attitude. This is indeed a strange state of affairs, since Mr. Shiratori has said in the *Atlantic Monthly* that 'The Oriental outlook is essentially idealistic,'¹ in contrast to that of the West.' But letting this pass, or even assuming that this time it is the West that is idealistic and Japan that is realistic, it is not clear that the morality of 'realism' envisages higher moral ends, or advocates more adequate means of realizing them, than does the morality of 'idealism.' For when it is not used merely to avoid a moral issue, 'realism' tends to become another name for moral cynicism. And it would doubtless be better, in this as in many another case, if the terms 'idealism' and 'realism' were both dropped, and the affair discussed in terms of moral realities rather than of words. After all, we are all both realists and idealists, and what we want to know is to what extent life can be brought under subjection to the moral ideal. For so long as large areas of life remain unmoralized, so long must life remain impoverished and incapable of bringing forth its finest fruits.

The farmers, it is widely recognized, constitute the backbone of the Japanese army. Representatives of the silk-growers' society petitioned the military for ten or fifteen per cent. of its next fiscal year's budget (about forty-six per cent. of the national budget of 1934-1935 are to be devoted to military expenditures). So serious is the economic crisis, in which the cocoon growers find themselves, that their estimated reduction of income this year will amount to 400,000,000 yen. Unless relieved, 'the suffering will demoralize the martial spirit,' they said. Perhaps only suffering will reduce the martial spirit of mankind to the place where it can be controlled for the good of the race, but how much suffering will be required, after a world war has failed to suffice?

FRED D. GEALY

¹May, 1934, p. 548.

Notes and Discussions

THE ANCESTRY OF DR. JOHNSON'S WIFE

MANY people feel no enthusiasm for the study of pedigrees. Even those in the Scriptures are taken as read. Pedigrees, however, can be made extremely interesting, as we may find when we look over the original work of Mr. Aleyn Lyell Reade, M.A. He has spent more than thirty years in his researches into the history of Dr. Johnson's Ancestry. The large folio which he published in 1906—*The Reader of Blackwood Hill and Dr. Johnson's Ancestry*—was an entirely new treatment of the subject and will continue to be the solid foundation of subsequent studies of Dr. Johnson's forbears. Three years later, Mr. Reade proceeded to issue, at varying intervals, his now well-known monographs, under the title of—*Johnsonian Gleanings*¹—and the seventh of these was printed last year. It is appropriately issued in the bi-centenary year of Mrs. Johnson's marriage to the Doctor, which took place at St. Werburgh's, Derby, on July 9, 1735.

We have often felt there was an opportunity for someone with the necessary insight and sympathy to give us a better portrait of Mrs. Johnson than that presented by most of the biographers of Dr. Johnson. The effort of Mrs. Alice Meynell in her Essay on Mrs. Johnson in this direction, was very welcome. She would take the elect lady by the hand and lead her to the true and dignified place of honour by her famous husband's side. She thinks quite rightly that the pet-name 'Tetty' is not ours to use, but that it shall be always 'Mrs. Johnson' when we speak of her.

The question may arise as to what extent Mr. Reade's research will assist us in forming a truer judgement of Mrs. Johnson's life. It can, of course, only have an indirect bearing on the main theme. Mr. Reade's monograph is more in the nature of a survey of the stream in its upper reaches than a biography. His purpose may be much more comprehensive. At the same time, just as Mr. Reade has discovered new materials to work upon in our estimate of Dr. Johnson, the same may be true regarding the new sidelights he has thrown upon Mrs. Johnson, in this last contribution. As an illustration of this, we recall the pleasure we experienced when the strong Puritan strain in Dr. Johnson was traced for us to Dr. Johnson's grandfather, Cornelius Ford. There can be no doubt any longer that the old gentleman's devotion for such men as Richard Baxter, Joseph Alleine, and Thomas Hall, had its moral effect in the creation of Johnson's Puritan bias. In a similar manner, the same hereditary principle will be seen in the case of Mrs. Johnson, whose forbears were not without distinction and merit. This it is, that gives Mr. Reade's

¹ *Johnsonian Gleanings*, Part VII. Privately Printed for the Author by Percy Lund, Humphries & Co. Ltd., London, 1935.

gleanings in hitherto neglected fields of inquiry, a peculiar value of their own in any final assessment of Mrs. Johnson's life and character.

The references to Mrs. Johnson in the usual biographies of the doctor are often irrelevant. If she were allowed to speak for herself and her *obiter dicta* were collected by a gifted lady, a biography probably more fascinating than Boswell's would be the result. She often said wise and pungent things. Without pursuing this, it may be remarked that her judgement of the Doctor after her first interview with him—that he was the most sensible man she had ever met—was not sentiment, but the considered judgement of great men who met him afterwards.

After Johnson's death a very affecting prayer was discovered among his papers by Francis Barber. If there were no other witness of the gracious influence of Mrs. Johnson in their happy union, this might be sufficient to prove for all time that she was his chief inspirer and consoler in life.

'O Lord! Governour of heaven and earth, in whose hands are embodied and departed Spirits, if thou hast ordained the Souls of the Dead to minister to the Living, and appointed my departed Wife to have care of me, grant that I may enjoy the good effects of her attention and ministration, whether exercised by appearance, impulses, dreams, or in any other manner agreeable to thy Government. Forgive my presumption, enlighten my ignorance, and however meaner agents are employed, grant me the blessed influences of the holy Spirit, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

We are reminded of the motto of Mary Queen of Scots—'My end was in the beginning'—as we think of Mrs. Johnson's forbears. With the detailed pedigrees, which Mr. Reade has given us at so much labour and sacrifice, we are justified in thinking of the application of that motto in this case. If we study them with sympathy and imagination, the moral and intellectual impulses of those remote generations will take on a new meaning for us. Our own personality contains the moral deposits of past strivings for the eternal.

Some of the pages in Mr. Reade's volume may be dull reading, but it is true that there are 'items of interest for those with patience to seek them,' as the author says in his Preface. We have found many interesting items in abstracts of Wills and Narrative Pedigrees dating back to the sixteenth century. The Wills especially are very human documents, and people felt and thought much as we do now. Money had a different value, and one of the most treasured coins was 'the broad piece of gould,' worth twenty shillings in those days. But heirlooms had more value than they seem to have in this age. One lady, HANNAH PORTER, of Bromsgrove, spinster, Will dated 27 Dec., 1690, left to her sister *Hester Porter*, 'my Bible, my wheel and my little trunk. To sister, *Priscilla Porter*, my great trunk and linen. My stays to my mother's maid, *Elizabeth Weaver*.' This spinster lady had evidently given attention to the fashion of her time and walked uprightly in more ways than one.

But among many interesting Wills, the following is certainly original and not without its touch of pathos. It is the Will of BLANCH HINCKLEY, dated 6 Dec., 1771. She was a widow and lived in the Close of the Cathedral Church of Lichfield.

. . . 'To be burd. in the churchyard at the south-east end of the Cathedral. To be kept a decent time after my decease, five or six days. Bell to ring out the evening after my decease, and at the time I am going to be burd., and half an hour after. *Simon Wood, William Wood, Thomas Twyford, Jonathan Allport, John Lee, of Streetway, and Francis Forsbrook*, to carry me to my grave, and each to have 5/- and some good book. A handsome stone to be laid over my grave, containing my name and time of my decease. . . . *Mr. Richard Green*, apothecary, to have a hatband and a pair of gloves at my funeral.'

In some others, we get glimpses of the domestic anxieties parents had for their children, and in one case a gentleman must have suffered much at the hands of his second wife, who was a sharp thorn in his flesh and a painful contrast to his former partner. So the human story of the centuries goes on.

There are traces of religious feeling and loyalty to the Church. *MARY PORTER*, of Bromsgrove, widow; Will dated 16 Nov., 1696, appears to have found comfort in the pages of the two folios of Pool's *Commentary of the Bible*, which she left to her son *Samuel*. This was a popular exposition in those days and prized by *Cornelius Ford*, *Philip Henry* and others. Bible students to-day might find it rather dull reading.

Among other interesting features, many will be glad to have the light Mr. Reade's account of the Colmores of Birmingham throws upon the street names of the city. It must have been a family of great influence for the city fathers to have honoured them with this striking perpetuation of their memory.

The one popular and unique feature in this volume is the map which is provided with a pocket in the end cover. It is a carefully worked chart giving the chief movements and incidents in the Doctor's life. It is probably the first time biography has been presented in this manner.

Mr. Reade's researches and books are now known throughout the world and the most eminent Johnsonians regard them as indispensable in the study of the literature of the eighteenth century. A word of gratitude is due to him from Methodists. His Part II of the *Gleanings* was a Francis Barber number, and contains the story of his descendants. Samuel Barber, the son of the Doctor's black servant, became one of the first local preachers in a branch of the Methodist Church. We know Dr. Johnson's diligence in the religious instruction of Francis and it may be that his son's religious fervour had its link with those memories.

It was not surprising that the University of Oxford last year conferred the honorary degree of Master of Arts upon Mr. Reade, as a recognition of his long services in Johnsonian research. Much work is still before him and our only fear is that we may not have the joy of seeing it completed, for our years do not deceive us. For thirty years his books have had the warmest welcome and have a reserved place on our shelves, wrapped in dust-proof paper. Let us add that Mr. Reade's address is Treleven House, Blundellsands, near Liverpool, where inquiries can be made for such numbers as are available.

F. R. BRUNSKILL.

THE POWER OF THE GROUP

It is true that these modern days are days of the power of the group in almost every walk of life. In religion it is the Oxford Group. The pulpit has still its giants but they do not function as did Liddon, Spurgeon or Parker. There was a time when a visitor to London made the hearing of these Savonarolas an essential part of his programme. The late Lord Fisher even told us that he endeavoured to squeeze in as many visits to these preachers as he possibly could on a Sunday. The reason is not that the people do not require spiritual pabulum but that they either need fresh cooking of that food or they must seek it elsewhere. In politics it is the Ten-Point Group or the most up-to-date, the Technocrats. The party leader is not idolized as Gladstone and Disraeli were. On the stage it is the ensemble. The footlights are no longer dominated by Irvings and Trees: not because the histrionic ability is absent, for there is in these days a plethora of great artists, but simply because the mental attitude of the masses has so changed. Moreover, it is not the leading artist that so much matters as the collective effort of the play. Yet there are signs in the cinema that the star 'pulls.' In sport it is the team rather than the individual player. In business it is the team spirit that brings success. One cannot study the industrial development of any country in the world to-day without seeing that the new economic order must be built in the future by means of group action. In fact, in every walk of life there is an inclination to collectivism.

Up to a point this is as it should be as the world is becoming more and more unified, thanks to the wireless and the aeroplane. Science is international in its operations and ignores the individualism and nationalism of man. But this tendency to collectivism is largely a reflex of the attitude of men and women to life generally. The motto has long been: 'Jack is as good as his master and sometimes better.' But are we not sometimes too critical of our leaders? After all, the study of the life of a great man is the review of the age in which he lives. These days of distress and perplexity are like so much dead wood waiting to be kindled by the fire of some great personality. Genius has been described as the ability to throw one's personality into one's work so that that work takes on new life and impetus. What does a great preacher or orator do but stamp his personality on an old biblical truth or an idea, giving his message new life and power? The tinder that quickens the fire is 'a great man with his force out of God's own hand,' or as Tennyson said, 'the fire of God fills him: I never saw his like: there is no greater leader.' We are too inclined to say that it is the movement that has made the man instead of the man the movement. Wood alone will not and cannot make a fire. This disbelief in great men may indeed be evidence of national littleness. Can it be that this generation will be described by some future historiographer as the great age of unbelief? It is true that all epochs have had their bargain basements of 'great men.' The age of Dryden was dubbed the age of

cabals and cliques but there is a danger that it may be surpassed by the discords arising from modern groups and bands in this syncopated decade.

One is inclined to think that the democratically-appointed leaders are fear-ridden by the shouts of the multitudes behind them, forgetting the old proverb, 'he that rides behind another must not think to guide.' A crowd can on occasion be more tyrannical than a Nero. Our need is for men who, trusting in democracy, are themselves trusted in return. Maybe that the machine, like a huge juggernaut, is so terrorizing the individual that he fails to discern his leader. It has long been realized, even before the American Technocrats, that unless men can regulate mechanization it will destroy civilization instead of uplifting it. In other words, the machine should supplement, and not supplant the man. Some students of social science state that while institutionalism has developed, the individual has changed very slowly and there is a lag to be made up between the development of man and the already developed machine. And now as faith in the machine declines there arises the ancient cry for men. Maybe, too, that the men are with us, but we do not give them the right support. A great speech still stirs the masses because it expresses thoughts dormant in the minds of the majority. But, unfortunately, it often ends with the stirring. However, one is certain in these days that a man to aspire to leadership must be more than an orator. He must bring business methods to his idealism and training. For politics he must be politically trained. Mr. Hoover was a great engineer and organizer but in politics a tyro. In other words, he had not the necessary political training, the basis of which must be the 'humanities.' Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was right when he sent the young man, now Sir Austen, to get contact with European chancelleries to graduate for the post of Foreign Secretary. For good government he believed that knowledge of affairs was more necessary than a knowledge of sport. Sir Austen has himself said that he does not know the 'hump' from the blade of a cricket bat.

Ability to see a project in its correct perspective is a necessary qualification for leadership these days for business or politics. A study of history and economics is more likely to give that perspective than a knowledge of how to use the slide-rule. Furthermore, it is necessary that a leader should at least get the experts to supply him with the details and then come to a decision about principles himself. A leader must remember that to-day with the great advance in education and the widespread reading of the newspapers and periodicals that the crowd behind him is oftentimes quite well-informed. I well remember, as a political candidate, being asked a question on foreign policy. Fortunately, the question was written and rather late in being passed up, for the questioner turned out to be a village barber who had made a very intensive study of the foreign policy enunciated by a certain political leader. It is quite impossible for a leader to be an expert on every phase of politics and economics but he can possess the next best thing—an open and ready mind to absorb the facts when placed before him.

A man recently ridiculed me because I said that the moral leadership of the world still devolved on Great Britain. It is nevertheless true, and we will forgive our leaders their mistakes, we will forget their intellectual blindness but we will not tolerate their motives if they are base. You cannot get golden results out of leaden motives. Let the people remember that their leaders are oftentimes what they make them. 'Oh! for a living man to lead!' 'And one that in a nation's night hath solitary certitude of light.'

W. TUDOR DAVIES.

RECENT LITERATURE ON MUSIC

THERE is a story of a musical theorist who, in the preface to his textbook on Fugue, wrote that he would illustrate the rules laid down with quotations from the works of the great composers. An examination of the book, however, showed that he had had to concoct the examples himself.

Mr. Morris¹ is certainly not that type of theorist. In his introduction he points out that 'in the last analysis form and content cannot be wholly independent of one another, or even exist at all apart from one another. When we think of the "Tristan" Prelude as an ideally satisfying example of musical form, we are thinking, consciously or otherwise, of all the elements that go to build it up—the harmonies, the rhythms, the dynamics. In this sense the form is conditioned by the content; *the form of every genuine piece of music is therefore unique*. It is not a subject for analysis, but for direct experience.' In view of this confession one may well wonder what is the purpose of his book. 'In these pages,' he says, "form" will be taken in its more obvious and limited sense; our task will be, not to find out wherein one piece of music differs from another, but what, structurally speaking, they have in common. We shall deal, not with the living growth, but with the bony framework; we shall not seek to define what makes any piece of music great or unique, but what makes it organically intelligible—a comparatively humble task, it may be, yet not lacking an interest of its own, and not safely to be neglected by students of music.' And so he proceeds to analyse systematically, plainly, and at times piquantly, the various musical forms. All the illustrations are from works of acknowledged greatness, and wherever possible the references are to Bach's 'Forty-Eight' and Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas. But it is depressing to be told by one of Mr. Morris's great teaching experience of the 'many students . . . strangely unalive to the absolute necessity of forming a small working library of their own.'

It is inevitable that on one or two occasions he has to disagree with the findings of fellow workers, but he never does so with acrimony. For instance, he cannot follow Sir Henry Hadow in his analysis of

¹ *The Structure of Music: An Outline for Students*. By R. O. Morris. (Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d.)

the slow movement of Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, Op. 2, No. 1, 'though I should have agreed with him in describing the movement as "one in which no controversial question should arise." Evidently we are both of too optimistic a nature.'

Owing to the present popularity of Sibelius's Symphonies, one speculation of his has a topical interest. 'It is worth while to consider . . . whether one might be able to dispense, not with the recapitulation, but with the exposition. In this case the design would somewhat resemble the plot of a detective story; fragments of the themes would be presented first of all, one after another being gradually brought under notice, given its due meed of emphasis and then withdrawn, much as the various clues and threads of the mystery are presented, obtrusively or otherwise, to the attentive reader. As the work progressed various connexions and combinations would begin to appear, until finally the whole solution would be unmasked, and the *disiecta membra* of the earlier stages firmly knit together and presented to the listener in the form of a clear and continuous exposition (or recapitulation—it does not matter which you call it). It would not be an easy method, either for the composer or for the listener, from whom close concentration and even memorization would be required in order to grasp the design at a single hearing. But though difficult, it would seem, *a priori*, to be perfectly feasible. Constant Lambert claims, indeed (in *Music Ho!*), that it has actually been practised by Sibelius in certain of his symphonic movements. This, I think, is going rather farther than the facts warrant; but I should be the first to agree that any composer wishing to experiment on these lines would find much of Sibelius's work to be highly stimulating and suggestive.' Such a quotation also serves to show how far removed *The Structure of Music* is from being merely 'yet another textbook.'

The well-known *Master Musicians Series*¹ has been recently re-issued under the editorship of Mr. Eric Blom. The passing of time and the coming to light of new facts and material have rendered necessary some revision of the original books. Where the authors are still living, they have been asked to undertake the task or approve of the Editor's work. In the other cases, of course, Mr. Blom has had to do it alone. The volumes on Mozart, Wagner and Beethoven are entirely new.

Mr. Blom has long wished to write on Mozart, but he has, one ventures to think, been a little hampered by the fact that the nature of the series demands a summary comprehensiveness. His book is divided into two parts, biographical and critical, and in each he has perhaps unnecessarily epitomized a great number of events and works. When one considers the fullness of the appendices containing a chronology of Mozart's life and a list of his works (based upon Dr. Alfred Einstein's forthcoming revision of Köchel's catalogue), one wishes that Mr. Blom had allowed himself to expand more in the

¹ *Master Musicians Series. Mozart.* By Eric Blom. *Wagner.* By Robert L. Jacobs. *Beethoven.* By Marion M. Scott. (Dent. 4s. 6d. each.)

manner of his discussion of the influence of Haydn and Mozart on one another.

In his first paragraph Mr. Blom refers to Mozart as 'a genius who understood Nature only through art and whose art was an unconscious glorification of artificiality.' The former contention is probably true, but does not the latter evaluate the manner of expression and not the feelings and emotions expressed or evoked by the music? The style of Pope, Swift and Johnson can be called artificial, but surely there is something primal in what is expressed in, say, *The Vanity of Human Wishes* or *Rasselas*. Mr. Blom, however, does seem aware of this. Speaking of the Trio for clarinet, viola and piano, he says that 'If one would like to show that there was a kind of Emily Brontë-like quality of smouldering passion in Mozart, which could betray itself even through so decorous a piece of music as a minuet, one could hardly do better than point to the astonishingly tense minuet in this wonderful work.'

All in all, his is an admirable short introduction and full of ideas that should stimulate the reader to further exploration on his own account. Some Mozartians may not forgive Mr. Blom for refusing to allow *The Magic Flute* to be the greatest of the operas, but they will welcome his condemnation of those performers who further develop the themes of a concerto in the cadenzas. 'A glance at Mozart's own cadenzas shows that they are only very slightly thematic and tactfully keep to the subsidiary function of a desirable but not fundamentally vital embellishment.'

Although Wagner's life was a very full one that requires most extensive treatment, if justice is to be done to every one that came into contact with him, one is not so conscious in reading Mr. Jacobs' book of the limitations that brevity imposes upon him as in the case of Mr. Blom's *Mozart*. This, no doubt, is due to the fact that Wagner did not write in so many different fields of music as did Mozart, and therefore there is no great number of individual works to be brought to the reader's notice. Mr. Jacobs' estimate of Wagner's art is, on the whole, just and temperate.

Miss Scott's *Beethoven* has many claims upon our attention. Not only does it contain a well-ordered narrative of the composer's life and a critical survey of his music, but there are also some speculations that a mere man might be pardoned for putting down to that notorious quality, woman's intuition. Miss Scott's suggestions are, however, something more than that. Space forbids discussion of them; it is sufficient to say that she believes there may have been a Spanish strain in Beethoven's ancestry, that he probably had a greater knowledge of the work of John Sebastian Bach than is usually supposed, that he may have had Plutarch's parallel lives in mind when composing the *Eroica* Symphony, and that the *Jena* Symphony is probably the work of his grandfather, Louis van Beethoven.

STANLEY A. BAYLISS.

HOW ARE WE TO EVANGELIZE ECONOMICS?

WHEN, in a recent issue, the *Morning Post* shot this bolt from out the blue of a characteristically profound article, it broached a subject of larger moment than is generally acknowledged.

The economics of industry—of modern civilization, indeed—are essentially of the 'self-regarding' order. It is true that 'business' is hedged about by legal and other restrictions, and that it is subject to the uncertainties of a world that is full of political interferences; but beyond these restrictions and uncertainties lies—what? 'Business' is free to wander, without let or hindrance, all over the world; to express itself in any and every conceivable manner; to employ and to disemploy whom it wills; to pay practically what it will, to whom it will; to make un-limited profits; and to crush, or to create what it wants to remove or to have. It enjoys a freedom of action which belongs to no other human activity. It is neither restrained from excess nor constrained for a common good. It is lawless. It is ruthless. It is soul-less. Its lawlessness, and ruthlessness, and soul-lessness are directly and almost solely responsible for the present world-conditions, since they underlie and inspire all the political and most of the national fomentations that result in wars, crime and selfishness. Hence the need—greater far than is realized—for the evangelization of economics.

What is 'business?' The word is here put in inverted commas because it stands for something infinitely greater than its etymology suggests. A much better word would be 'opportunism.' 'What is your line of opportunism?' Nothing in this slogan-loving world more exactly expresses human sentiment than 'opportunity is a fine thing'; and to see it and to seize it appear to be the *summum bonum* of modern life. But the result of a mad rioting in the fields of opportunism is to make men and women into grabbers. Made a little lower than the angels, they have tended to become only a little higher than monkeys, and no choice possession, whether of material or mental worth, is safe from the marauding 'business-man.' The evangelization of economics need not, indeed it could not, involve the elimination therefrom of opportunism; but it could, and if undertaken seriously would, remove much of the 'excess of opportunism' from which the world is bleeding so profusely. It would humanize what has become soul-less—the opportunist relationships of man to man. It would effect an orientation in commercial and industrial transactions, and that blessed word 'reconstruction' would come thereafter to mean something tangible.

Not to indulge, however, in meaningless phrases, what is to be understood by 'the evangelization of economics?' How, too, is it to be begun and accomplished? What is it that distinguishes the 'opportunism' of men like Lord Shaftesbury from that of a modern board of directors? Clearly, it is that the one is 'other-regarding,' and the other is not. 'Business' cannot, of course, be made philanthropic

in its aim; but it can be made less selfish and greedy. It can, through Parliamentary channels, impose upon itself certain restraining conditions, such as, for instance, is understood by the phrase 'limitation of profits.' It can substitute 'mutual helpfulness' for 'self-help.' It can think more than it does of 'workers' and less than it does of 'profits.' It can end the divorce that obtains between it and the other interests of human life—between itself and religion, for instance, and between its own code of morals and that of, say, the domestic life. It can, if it will, give a new impetus to 'work,' a new idea of the nature of property and a new direction to the money-making motive which, since money is 'the precious talent which contains all the rest,' is part of man's inheritance. These are the things which are to be understood by 'the evangelization of economics.'

How are they, however, to be initiated and pursued and eventually accomplished? If, as must be conceded at once, there is a divine sanction for man's economic life, it might as well be admitted without argument that it is upon the Church mainly that the duty devolves of evangelizing economics. Many of our 'captains of industry' are 'pillars of the Church,' and they have done a great deal of good in the way of humanizing the conditions of employment. But it is something far greater that is needed. *The average Church member should be expected to carry his religion into his business.* There is a lamentable divorce between our Sunday beliefs and our Monday practice, and it is largely that fact that accounts for the evils of the economic excesses of our times. If the millions of Church members who are 'engaged in business,' could, by the teachings and influence of the Church, be brought to apply the two great commandments to every act of commercial life, the evangelization of economics would be completely accomplished. We too readily forget the Apostle's rider to the phrase, 'diligent in business,' viz., 'serving the Lord.'

As likely as not, all this will be agreed. Yet still the old order will obtain. How is the Church to *begin* to evangelize modern economics? Here is the crux of the situation. Something should *and must* be done, and done mainly by the Church, if the world is to be saved from a welter of greed involving the ultimate ruin of civilization.

W. A. DICKINS.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE CHURCH AT THE LORD'S TABLE

FELLOWSHIP and Church are interchangeable terms. The Fellowship is the Church. The Church is the Fellowship. It is under the name of 'the Fellowship' that the Church first appears in the book of Acts. Those who were converted on the day of Pentecost devoted themselves to the teaching of the Apostles, the fellowship and the breaking

of bread. The fellowship is to be interpreted in terms of life. The bond of the fellowship is a common relationship to Christ. The Church is the society of the redeemed, the communion of saints, the fellowship of believers and is therefore composed of those who share an experience and are partners in an enterprise. It is a Divine Society because the life of the fellowship is the creation of the Holy Spirit. 'I will build My Church.' It is idle to discuss the question as to whether Jesus intended to found a Church. There is a Church because there was an Incarnation. We cannot have Christian communion without the Christian community. Our relationship to our Lord is realized in our relationship to each other. This two-fold relationship is a new covenant relationship and was instituted at the Last Supper. Of this covenant Christ Himself is the Mediator and He sealed it with His blood, 'This is the new covenant in My blood.' By its very nature the Church is the Sacramental society.

It is becoming more and more acknowledged that a high place is given to the Sacraments in the New Testament. Dr. Garvie declares 'there is not an adequate reason for accepting the contention that Christ Himself did not institute the ordinance of the Eucharist as of permanent obligation in the Church. It is not at all likely that Paul, great as was his authority, could have imposed a new practice for which Christ's command could not be claimed.'

Professor Andrews affirms: 'we are forced to admit that as far as exegesis is concerned the sacramentarian interpretation of Paulinism has won a decisive victory. There is no doubt whatever that both Baptism and the Eucharist stood for far more in the life of the Apostolic Church than they do in the estimation of the bulk of the members of the Free Churches.' He adds: 'We have not settled the question when we have shown that Paul's sacramental ideas come from foreign sources. The origin of an idea is no criterion as to its worth. The fact that Paul borrowed from Greek mysteries is by no means fatal to the truth of his doctrine.'

We are at one with those who hold that the Lord's Supper was instituted by our Lord, that it is of perpetual obligation in His Church and that it cannot be neglected without serious loss. The Lord's Table is the centre of the Church's life and social unity. This Sacrament is the Sacrament of fellowship, mystical and social.

In the breaking of the bread and the pouring of the wine Jesus indicated the meaning and value of His death. It was voluntary, sacrificial, atoning. It instituted a new order of life, it inaugurated a new relationship to God. The broken bread and poured wine represented Christ's offering of Himself to God on our behalf and to us as the source and sustenance of our life. Our souls are nourished as we feed on Him. He is the Bread of Life. 'Life' is the master word of His teaching, 'I am come that ye might have life.' The Sacrament proclaims the source of this life, 'this is My Body which is broken for you.' This new life is ours because of the sacrificial, redeeming Love of Christ. The broken bread is a dramatic declaration that Christ blesses us because He was broken for us. And we cannot bless men

unless we are willing to be broken for them. We have no contribution to make towards human brotherhood until we share the sacrificial Love of Christ. At the Lord's Table we learn the experience of fellowship in the sufferings of our Saviour. And as we share His redeeming passion we are made more sensitive to the world's pain and sin.

The cup reminds us that the new covenant with God is made and sealed by the blood of Jesus. The new fellowships brought into being are streaked by the signs of sacrifice. Kneeling to drink the wine we confess the deepest principle of the universe to be suffering, sacrificial love. We accept the redemptive love of God in Christ to be our way of life. We are brought into harmony with the eternal purpose of the Creator. We pledge our allegiance to our Redeemer as the Lord of our life and the God of our salvation. We feed on Christ that we may live for Him. The sacraments are for life and not life for the sacraments. But we do more than receive instruction about life. We have fellowship with the living Christ. Eating and drinking are symbols of communion: 'The cup we bless is it not communion in the Blood of Christ?' We are forgiven and re-created by Him whose Body was broken for us and whose Blood was shed for us. We experience Christ's love for us and His power in us. Thus the supper is more than a memorial. How can it be merely a memorial when Christ is present with us and acting in us? Commemoration there is but we cannot live on commemoration alone. He is in our hearts as we feed on Him by faith with thanksgiving. So the Supper becomes for us the most uplifting experience we know. We do not now envy the first disciples because they knew Jesus in the flesh for He is with us lifted above the limitations of the physical. We bow in adoration for all the benefits of His death. 'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.' The Sacrament is Eucharist.

Our sense of unworthiness is real and deep. We do not presume to come to the Lord's Table because we are good. But we are prompted to draw near because we desire to be made worthy. We confess our sin in the act of communicating.

It is the knowledge that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us that evokes our gratitude. When the dear tokens of His passion are before us our hearts declare the thanks we cannot speak.

Thanksgiving and confession issue in consecration. Christ's gift of Himself moves us to dedicate ourselves. 'For Christ's sake' becomes the motive power of our lives. We renew our vows; we surrender our wills; we present our bodies a living sacrifice. Unless our stirred emotions are harnessed to consecrated manhood we are morally impoverished. If our participation in the Sacrament does not produce a life of sacrificial quality we have received the elements to our condemnation. There is an act of sacrifice in the Communion service but it is the sacrifice of ourselves. And it is not only a personal sacrifice. It is a corporate act. It is the Church as the Body of Christ offering itself, identifying itself with the Cross of Jesus. In the primitive Church the bread and wine were taken from the offerings of the worshippers. The people brought gifts to provide a common meal for

the poor. From these gifts a loaf and wine were taken to serve as the elements. They symbolized the self-offering of the fellowship. The sacramental service reaches its climax when the communicants offer themselves as instruments of Christ to bring in His kingdom—at all costs. This sacrificial offering of ourselves is the declaration of our faith in the Kingdom's coming. 'We proclaim the Lord's death till He come.'

The real validity of the Sacrament resides in its power to bring us face to face with Christ. Grace is conveyed to us but grace is the issue of intercourse between man and God. It is the touch of life upon life. Mechanical conceptions of the Sacrament are due to the thought of grace as an external force infused into us. But the grace of God is God healing us, transforming us. The means of grace are ways of getting contact with God. The Lord's Supper is so precious a means of grace because the whole rite is charged with associations of Christ. Psychologically bread and wine are necessary because they bring before our vision the supreme crisis of our Lord's life. They link up our minds with the upper room. We are back in imagination at the institution. We hear Christ's words again: 'do this in remembrance of Me.' We cannot come to the Table without thinking of Jesus. To think of Him sincerely is to realize His presence.

It is folly to set sacrament and preaching against each other as rival *means* of grace. We need the communication of truth by speech but we need it also by symbol. The danger of a magical sacrament is not greater than the danger of confusing a preacher's gifts with the gift of grace in his ministry. The reception of our sermons may inflame our egotism and feed our vanity until our inflated sense of self-importance obstructs God's message. But in the Holy Sacrament as the Cross of Christ breaks upon our vision our self-love is shamed out of existence and our self-will is broken to bits. Here the preacher cannot obtrude himself. The temptation to pose finds nothing in us and departs. We receive the gifts of Christ in silent adoration, our kneeling posture bespeaks the attitude of our hearts and no one intervenes between the soul and its Saviour.

Our unseen Redeemer stands in the midst of every Communion dispensing His saving grace. As He passes from the threshold to the innermost chamber of our hearts there is a renewal of life and power. Christ crucified lives in us. In the sunshine of His presence every potency of good leaps into life. Beneath His mystic touch we glimpse a vision of purity whiter than lofty snows on mountain peaks. Under His mystic spell we march to moral victories more imposing than imperial triumphs. At the Table of the Lord it is brought home to us that we have cost God Calvary. Our broken fellowships are healed by the self-offering of the Eternal Son of God. Our state of blessedness testifies that Holy Communion fills us with unspeakable joy. This is the trysting place between the Lover of souls and His beloved.

But these exalted experiences for the individual do not exhaust the significance of this Sacrament. The fellowship is social as well as mystical. The symbols of the service insist that it is a social act.

We kneel side by side in virtue of our common discipleship. Differences of rank, status, learning, race and wealth fade away. We are one with each other because we are one with Christ. God is the Father of us all. Christ is the Saviour of us all. The Holy Spirit dwells in us all. We are members of one Body. Artificial barriers are broken down. Our unholy competition gives place to holy communion. At the altar we visualize our common need, realize our common redemption and are in contact with the Source of our communal life. We are one with our brethren in our unworthiness to partake, our sense of obligation, our reception of Divine life. Here we learn to share, understand what it costs to share, are made willing to share. Class war could not exist for a moment if we expressed in our conduct the social significance of the Sacrament. We measure the worth of our fellows by the redemption wrought for them and us by Christ. We despise none, we despair of none, we hate none. Indeed good will to men is the indispensable condition of communicating. 'If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar . . . ' Nothing so robs the soul of the sense of Christ's presence as does hatred, unless it be sensuality, and both are ugly denials of the sanctity of personality.

The social fellowship of the Sacrament is enriched when we remember that bread and wine were the necessities of life. They also represented the gifts of God plus the labour of man. Thus human toil is hallowed by the Sacrament. The necessities of life in the hands of Christ are vehicles of communion. In the light of these truths it is sin to dishonour or exploit human labour. To deny men their rights is an offence against God. Labour can be consecrated and in consecrated labour we may find our Lord. What of our social system when judged by the Sacrament? Is it based on the principles here set forth by Christ? Can we justify our attitude to our fellows at the Lord's Table? What if we confess one way of life at the altar and live according to another at the counter? We come to the altar as members of God's family but it is His intention that we should go from the altar to live as members of that family. It is at the Lord's Table we light upon the cure of the social unrest, our industrial strife, our class bitterness, our international discords. Then we become aware of our share of guilt for the present state of affairs. We have prayed for peace but we have retained the prejudices that make for war. We have prayed for the poor but no concern for their need has marked our lives. We have prayed for the spread of the gospel but our hearts have not been set on the triumph of God's kingdom. Our fellowship is one of penitence. We are built up in one body that we may be obedient to God's will. We eat and drink together indicating that we are nourished from one source. We have fellowship with all God's children. We are part of a great host, seen and unseen.

Wine is a symbol of joy and the cup is associated with sorrow. In the Sacrament these contrasted experiences of life are sanctified. The joy of one is the joy of all, the sorrow of one is the sorrow of all. We are bound together in unity of life even as a loaf is one though

composed of many grains. The sectarian spirit cannot live when we have caught the meaning of the Sacrament. How can we be in fellowship with Christ if we refuse the hand of fellowship to our brother? Life in the Church on a sacramental basis constitutes the Church a society of friends. Life in the world on a sacramental foundation builds humanity into a brotherhood. The element of consecration is not the consecration of the elements. It is the solemn dedication of the Christian fellowship to express Christ in every relation of life. Fed by Him we hunger for the souls of men. We shall find ways of serving and be thankful we are counted worthy to serve.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that the Lord's Table is the focus of the Church's fellowship. A Church which was in reality a communion of saints could sweep our country. The Sacrament is the rallying point of the Church's communion. Here the fires of fellowship are re-kindled. We plead therefore for more frequent celebrations of Holy Communion, we affectionately beg our people to be present, we ask that the service shall be conducted with care, reverence and in every way befitting. If we can restore the conception of the Church as a redeemed society and provide mankind with an example of communal life we shall have made a lasting contribution toward the solution of all our spiritual and social problems.

RICHARD M. RUTTER.

METHODIST UNION IN AMERICA

THAT was a great and glorious occasion when in September, 1932, Methodist Union was consummated at the Royal Albert Hall, London. We of the United States of America rejoiced in that event as something to be greatly desired for Methodism throughout the world. This purpose of a United Methodism is being gradually achieved. The thousands who gathered with you in London on that notable day have scattered a benign and helpful influence far and wide. Its impact is being felt even to this day, and the heart of Methodism will not rest until it has achieved a perfect union of all her scattered flock.

As the years come and go it becomes more evident that a divided Church cannot do God's work as it should be done in this needy world. We have not only that shining example of British Methodism before us, but just across the border our Canadian friends have called our attention to the great need of a closer union among the Churches of Christ. The fresh union which they enjoy has been a source of constant inspiration to us. In view of these marvellous achievements it soon became evident that the union of American Methodists could not be indefinitely postponed. We who were at Baltimore for the Sesqui-Centennial Conference in the early fall of 1934 will not soon forget the inspiring messages brought to us by Dr. T. Ferrier Hulme who

represented the Mother Church and Dr. T. Albert Moore, who came to us from the United Church of Canada. Only when our union is fully consummated shall we be able to appraise the full power and purpose of these distinguished delegates. We should include also Dr. Samuel Parkes Cadman who on that occasion spoke to us on: 'United Methodism in Protestantism.'

With the sesqui-centennial celebrations of American Methodism in Baltimore in 1934 began a new approach to the problem of union among Methodists in the United States. There we met without any geographical designations, or ecclesiastical differentiations. In every session the Baltimore Conference showed an eager desire to be one in Christ, and there was manifest a new consecration to the causes which are dear to Him. For once at least we seemed to be more God-conscious than problem-conscious.

We believe, as union comes, it comes not because of an economic necessity, and the pressure of the times, but because of the spiritual urge in our souls which tells us that it is the will of God. It is really the product of the individual's search for God. Christian unity comes not simply by being together, but by a desire for fellowship with God. We have waited these many years and now we are finding God in each other. Nor does our reason for union lie chiefly in the past, or in the future, but in ourselves. As Bishop John M. Moore stated at Baltimore: 'The bonds of union must be welded in the white heat of spiritual experience. Union must find its beginning at the throne of God.'

Through the transmission of the proposed union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Protestant Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the spirit of Christ is everywhere evident. In all our deliberations there was a tender affection for Methodism throughout the world, an admiring interest in all her activities, and a keen delight in all her spiritual triumphs.

The plan of union is outlined under four specific Divisions: Division one has to do with the Declaration of Union, the name of the Church and the Articles of Religion. Division two deals with the Conferences, which includes: Our Annual Conference, the General Conference, which will meet every four years as at present; the Jurisdictional Conferences and their boundaries. Division three of the plan deals with the Episcopacy. Division four with the Judiciary, which includes the procedure of the Uniting Conference.

In the formal plan for the proposed union the word Episcopal is dropped in the title of the Church, while it will still be episcopal in its government and administration. In naming the Church the Methodist Protestant yielded kindly and unanimously to the plan of episcopal supervision; and the Methodist Episcopal with equal unanimity and graciousness accepted the omission of the word Episcopal in the name of the Church. The Church will now be known by the name by which the Wesleyan movement has been generally known: 'The Methodist Church.'

The new plan provides for one General Conference, meeting once every four years. The General Conference shall be composed of not less than six hundred, nor more than eight hundred delegates. One half of these shall be ministers and one-half lay members, to be elected by the annual conferences. It will meet in the month of April or May each quadrennium. In the new order the United States will be divided into six areas which will be known as Jurisdictional Conferences. There will also be a series of Central Conferences for the work of the Church outside the United States. While it will take some six years to complete the process of union it is our hope that the General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Protestant Church which will meet during the current year in May, and the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which meets in 1938, will be unanimously in favour of the above plan.

A few statistics will enable us to see something of the growth of Methodism in the United States and what the proposed union will do for the Church numerically. In 1784 there were eighty-four Methodist ministers and fifteen thousand communicants; to-day there are over forty-five thousand ministers, seventy-five Bishops, over ten million communicants, seventy-five thousand churches; seven hundred million dollars' worth of property and two hundred and eighty million dollars in Colleges and Universities where we now have over seventy-five thousand students. Sixty-five million dollars have been invested in Hospitals which care for three hundred and twenty-five thousand patients, besides many Homes for orphans and the aged. With the uniting of the three branches of Methodism the new Church will have seven million, two hundred and thirteen thousand, eight hundred and thirty-seven members with a constituency of over thirty millions. There will be over six million enrolled in her Sunday Schools.

One of the most delicate phases of Church union in America has been the colour question; but even this has been overcome by the grace of God and the spirit of Christ. Old cleavages have been covered by Christian love. The Mason and Dixie line no longer separates the country governmentally, why should it religiously? We have one flag, one President, one Government, one Supreme Court. All ages have had their problems; and our age will be no exception. Through fifty-five years and fifteen General Conferences have the coloured members passed, before any one of their race was elected Bishop; but the hour came and Christ conquered and we are happy to name them among our General Superintendents. With the new plan three hundred thousand negro members will come into the Methodist Church.

We sincerely hope that in the coming months Methodists and Christians everywhere will pray for us that the plan of union shall not fail. May we not anticipate the day when thirty million Methodists of America shall speak with one voice? When Christians unite they have nothing to lose but broken barriers and dividing walls. Let

the walls be broken down and so surely as we have followed the way of the Cross and kept our eye on Calvary so surely shall we participate in the crowning of Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords.

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THE PRESENT POSITION OF LEPROSY

Leprosy is mentioned in the earliest annals of China and Japan; it was in India in 1500 B.C. and travelled south and west, with advancing civilization, to Persia, thence to Europe, by way of Greece and Italy, where it arrived about 350 B.C. By A.D. 13, it had reached its zenith in southern and eastern Europe. The first record of its presence in London is in A.D. 950. Its progress was accelerated by the intermingling of races in the Crusades. Soldiers brought it back from Palestine to the castles and taverns of England.

In an endeavour to stem the increase of the infection, ordinances against leprosy were severe. In the grimmest of all burial services, the priest threw earth upon the leper's head and declared him dead to the world.

'While you are diseased you will enter no house, no inn, no forge, no mill, nor in the common well or fountain will you drink or wash your clothes. You will not eat except by yourself or wash with other lepers. You will enter no church during service, you will mingle with no crowd. When you speak to anyone you will stand leeward. You will always use your own gloves and will touch no-one without them. You will touch no child, not even your own, and you will return to your cabin every night.'

The age-long pursuit of Man, its only victim, continued. In 1580, it had reached the Canary Islands. African slaves took it with them to North America in 1760. English convicts planted it in Australia in the nineteenth century. It had put a girdle round the world before the advent of modern medical science.

It was not until 1874 that the actual germ was discovered, by Hansen. Positive and complete evidence as to the precise way in which the disease is spread, is still not definite. Aboriginal peoples are free from leprosy, so, for the most part, are the highest civilizations. The hot-bed of the disease is found amongst those primitive tribes that are semi-civilized. From an out-door, cleanly, healthy life they descend to the overcrowded, insanitary, lethargic existence of hangers-on of the out-posts of civilization. From an age of good feeding on raw meat, fruit, and milk, they are transplanted to the ill-nutrition of bad and cooked food. And here it is interesting to note,

'the almost complete freedom from leprosy of the camel-owning Nomad. There are two relevant facts about these people:

- (a) The isolation of their lives.
- (b) The very large quantities of milk at their disposal—more than they can drink. Their diet, and often for long periods their only diet, is milk!' [Dr. Atkey].

On the other hand, in the southern Sudan:

'among the negroids of the river plains, who are herdsmen and whose staple diet is milk, the incidence of leprosy is low, while among the inhabitants of the fly country, where cattle cannot survive, the incidence of leprosy is very heavy indeed. It is of interest to note that in the heavy fly areas where there are no cattle, excepting for *the absence of milk* and the scarcity of meat and salt the people are well fed and adequately lodged. There is an abundant supply of fresh vegetables and fruit, fish are caught in considerable numbers; and the villages are well spaced out, each dwelling (of one or more huts) standing in its own plot of land.'—[Dr. Atkey].

To continue, there is, in their new, semi-civilized existence, an excess of promiscuous social and sexual activity; and it will be well understood that the accessibility of modern transport has been no small factor in the spread of the disease. We may then sum up the causes of leprosy as follows:

- (a) Immediate source of germ unknown.
- (b) Irritated to a high degree by:
 - (1) Overcrowding (leading to excess of promiscuous sexual and social activity).
 - (2) Ill-nutrition of cooked food (rendering their weakened systems particularly liable to any disease, especially leprosy, where the germ will remain hidden in the tissues for years, until such a time, should it occur, that the victim is in low health, when it at once breaks out).
 - (3) Insanitary conditions.
 - (4) Lack of exercise and fresh air.
 - (5) Intermingling of tribes owing to mobility of modern transport.

The germ is picked up very largely during adolescence, though its ravages may not commence until the adult stage has been reached. On the other hand, it is *not* hereditary, and, providing that the child of leprous parents is removed at birth, it grows up untainted. The bacillus would appear to enter the body either through abrasions or through the nasal membrane. There are two types of leprosy: *nodular*, from the discharges of which the disease is spread, and *anaesthetic*, in which the nervous system is attacked, leading eventually to atrophy of the limbs. This latter type is not infectious, therefore a large number of lepers are perfectly innocuous, though naturally requiring careful observation to ensure that they do not develop the nodular form.

It is seldom that leprosy attacks a man in full health. But, unless contact is close and prolonged, and unless the bacillus should come into direct contact with an open wound, infection is most unlikely. Thus it is rather the revolting nature of the disease in its advanced state than the belief that it is highly contagious, that is responsible for the panic that the presence of a leper has always aroused in men. Yet, while, through the ages, all men and woman have recoiled in horror and fear from the obvious leper, they have gone happily about their work unconscious that many unsuspected lepers were moving freely in their midst.

Thus we can see that the exceptional domination of leprosy has been due to:

- (a) The ever-present fear of segregation resulting in the existence of the disease being hidden until the advanced nature of its ravages render concealment no longer possible.
- (b) The ability of the germ to lie hidden in the human tissues for perhaps twenty years, awaiting its opportunity to lay hold upon a weakened system.
- (c) The poverty of medical treatment and propaganda.
- (d) The ill-success attending medical efforts and the painful nature of the treatment.

Against these must be set the following facts favourable to the new treatment:

- (a) Leprosy is *not* hereditary.
- (b) Infection practically confined to adolescence.
- (c) Confined solely to the human race, nor is the germ apparently *carried* by any animal or insect.
- (d) The germ can live only a few hours outside the human body.
- (e) Infection practically confined to direct and immediate entrance through abrasions or through the nasal membrane.

Compulsory segregation defeated its own end—recent statistics prove that the number of lepers actually increased in the Philippine Islands where this check was in force. Since the Great War, a new policy has been adopted, based on the very important factors that, in the early stages of the disease, curative treatment is moderately quick and final, and that adolescence is the period when special watch should be kept for the germ. Thus now, instead of working on a system of force, voluntary centres have been established where the natives are encouraged to come of their own free-will for treatment, and to stay for the necessary period, running into years in the more advanced cases. The report of the successful treatment spreads, and those who have hidden their secret for fear of segregation now come openly.

The basis of the treatment is age-old, but adapted to modern requirements. Hydrocarpus oil, extracted from the seed of a tree, has been used in India since the earliest times: indeed its curative properties

are legendary: a certain Indian Prince, stricken with leprosy and overcome with shame, vanished into the forest; the gods directed him to a particular tree, whose fruit he ate, and was forthwith healed. Up to the last decade, the insurmountable difficulty had been that hydrocarpus oil was of so revolting and nauseous a nature that the average leper found it impossible to imbibe sufficiently large doses, or to retain them once taken. The condition of those few who could keep down the oil successfully showed a marked improvement.

Modern science has been able to moderate the effect of the oil with other properties, and now injects them, preferably mainly into the skin, but combined with subcutaneous or intra-muscular inoculations. The injections are given once or twice a week until all apparent symptoms have vanished: the treatment in serious cases may extend over many years. With the medical treatment are combined the additional factors of attention to general health, improved diet, hygienic surroundings, regular exercise and the raising of the moral and spiritual tone, for leprosy, like many other diseases mental and physical, fattens on despair and depression. With this new system of treatment, a new light has come into the lives of the ten million lepers still existent in the world.

'The modern treatment of the disease has resulted in hundreds of cases being restored each year to a state of complete health, and to a resumption of their normal means of living. Among the more advanced cases the suffering of thousands of these has been relieved, and their lives are no longer a burden to themselves or to others. The recent developments in the fields of leprosy have completely altered the whole situation from one of despair to one that is full of hope.'—*Medical Sub-Committee.*

There is still work to be done by medical science in the final discovery of the precise nature of the bacillus, and in the betterment of the treatment, but, with its present knowledge leprosy *could* be stamped out in three generations.

Some years ago, Dr. Travers said:

'It should be the object of every community where leprosy occurs, to provide a comfortable house where lepers can be well looked after, and where not only can they be intelligently treated, but employed and amused. This having been arranged, every effort should be made to educate the public in the early signs of the disease. When it is generally understood that, if taken in time, the progress of the disease can be arrested, and that in a large proportion of cases leprosy can be actually cured, there is no doubt that the lepers will come for treatment directly they realize that they are afflicted with the disease. The importance of this cannot be too greatly emphasized, and I am convinced that when we are in a position to treat leprosy from an early stage, we shall be able definitely to cure the disease.'

The scheme for such a centre that would deal with the more advanced cases has been promulgated by the French:

An Island Leper Colony: 20° - 30° North or South. Two miles wide at inhabited end. Rest of island devoted mainly to crops.

(a) Island far enough from mainland to prevent desertion.

(b) Leper population from 800-1,500.

(c) (1) Mild and (2) severe cases separated by river:

(1) Divided into self-supporting and wealthy.

(2) Including hospital, infirmary and out-patients.

(d) Government higher officials frequently changed.

(e) Special steamer exclusively for community.

(f) Children of leprous parents in crèche: when pronounced free from infection, removed from island.

(g) All persons leaving the island detained at observation post until free from possibilities of infection.

(h) No export trade.

(i) Dead cremated.

(j) Incineration of refuse.

(k) Main drainage system running into sea.

But now it is recognized that, though these centres for the direly afflicted, who may have to reside at the hospital for many years before symptom free, and where research can be carried on, are admirable, the true way in which the scourge may finally and conclusively be eradicated is by the establishment of innumerable outpost stations to which the sufferers may come voluntarily, and from which observation can be kept upon the tribes of the surrounding district, especially upon the children.

There are perhaps a million and a quarter lepers in the British Empire—it is staggering to visualize the fact that there is probably one leper to every three hundred and eighty-five healthy persons in the world! The large majority of the British Empire cases are to be found in India, where, because the fact is daily brought home before the eyes of English people living out there, much has been done to check the incidence. But in Africa—still a very much undeveloped country—there are several hundred thousand lepers in our own territories, and approximately twenty per thousand head of population in the worst area, formerly the German Kameruns, but now part of Nigeria. In the Belgian Congo, however, the incidence reaches the appalling figure of two hundred to every thousand, and it is sixty per thousand in the French Ivory Coast.

Until quite recently there were only four leprous stations in the whole of British Africa. These have been considerably augmented during post war years, but are still hopelessly inadequate to deal with existing conditions, and in India, Palestine, the West Indies, Ceylon, and Cyprus, many lepers have to be turned away from the hospitals and outposts every day for lack of space and material.

Ministers in Council

AS ANNOUNCED in the January issue, the Editor is setting aside a section of the Quarterly to serve as a clearing house for matters of mutual interest to Methodist ministers and such a feature should, we feel sure, prove popular and of growing usefulness.

In the *Holborn Review* for ten years, from 1922 to 1932, the pages thus allocated were always eagerly scanned, and the news of Ministerial Study Circles gave stimulus and direction as to worthwhile books which many were glad to have.

Under the title now taken, it is hoped, with the co-operation of local group secretaries, to maintain, though over a wider area, the same helpful survey of topics now being discussed by ministerial groups. But at the same time we trust to be able still further to extend the profitableness of this feature in one or two ways to be mentioned later.

And first, Dr. Church has suggested reference here to Hartley Clubs and the like. In point of time, I suppose, the Ministerial Associations came first. These began to function about 1850 under the leadership of the Rev. C. C. McKecknie. Though they spread to various parts of the country yet the Manchester and Liverpool Districts were generally considered as having probably had the premier position and the outstanding personalities in this work. Theological, philosophical and literary subjects were dealt with in thorough-going fashion for a couple of days in the spring and autumn, prefaced by an evening devotional service at which the preacher was a member of the Association. For mental and spiritual fellowship the gatherings were deeply appreciated, as many who read these lines would gratefully testify. Happily these Associations are functioning at the present time, having been re-constituted after Methodist Union.

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THE MANCHESTER DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION held its inaugural session under the new auspices on May 23, 24 and 25, 1933, at Walkden. On the Tuesday night the Rev. T. H. Barratt, B.A., preached, announcing as his topic 'Are Methodist Orders Valid?' On the Wednesday morning, after a Communion Service, the Rev. W. Bardsley Brash, M.A., B.D., read an essay on 'The Oxford Movement—an historical review (1833-1845)' and the Rev. Major Dain dealt with 'Anglo-Catholicism: an historical review (1845-1933).' At night at a public meeting the Rev. C. R. B. Shapland, M.A., spoke on 'The Working of the Group Principle in Christian History,' and the Rev. H. T. Wigley, B.A., B.D., on 'The Group Movement.' On Thursday morning after discussion of the addresses of the previous evening by

the Rev. A. Hearn, the Rev. S. G. Dimond, M.A., gave an essay on 'The Theology and Philosophy of the Oxford Movement and Anglo-Catholicism' and the Rev. F. C. Raynor read a paper on 'The contribution of the Oxford Movement and Anglo-Catholicism to the religious life of England.' The printed programme issued to all ministers in the District announced that the subscription for the Association is five shillings per annum. Each minister receives travelling expenses and free hospitality. The fourth session of this Association is fixed for May 19, 20 and 21, at Stretford. The circular kindly sent to me by the secretary, the Rev. P. M. Hoyle, states that the general theme for discussion will be 'Authority,' and an appetizing programme is presented. A list of about a score of books bearing on the subject is appended. Among these we note the following: *Nature, Man and God*, Dr. Temple's 1934 Gifford Lectures, *The Nature and Authority of Conscience*, by R. M. Jones, *The Authority of Jesus*, by Lee Woolf (Allen & Unwin), *Freedom in the Modern World* by MacMurray (Faber), and three books by Berdyaev, viz., *The Fate of Man in the Modern World*, *The End of our Time* and *Dostoevski*. A paper given at one of the meetings of this Association by Dr. Wright on 'The Atonement—some Reflections,' we observe, appears in the January issue this year of *The Expository Times*.

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THE NORTH WESTERN AREA MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION had its inaugural session at Runcorn on April 5 and 6, 1933. The second session, in 1934, was at Blackpool, the third at Douglas in 1935, whilst the fourth is to be this Spring at Southport. The area covered by the Association is described as bounded by the River Dee in the south, Morecambe on the north, Hindley on the east, the Lancashire coast on the west and includes the Isle of Man. The subscription is six shillings a year. I am indebted to the secretary, the Rev. J. Axson, for the syllabus of the meetings at Douglas. There the general theme was 'The Vision of God.' On Tuesday April 2 the Association sermon on John i. 18. was preached by the Rev. J. T. Wilkinson, M.A., B.D., and this was followed by a Communion service. The next morning a paper on Kirk's Bampton Lectures on *The Vision of God* was given by the Rev. R. C. Noble, with a critique by the Rev. H. F. Greenhalgh. The topic in the afternoon was 'The Vision of God in the Methodist Hymn-book,' taken by the Rev. J. H. Haswell, B.A. At the evening public meeting the Rev. J. Bishop, B.A., spoke on 'The Vision of God and Public Worship' and the Rev. W. E. Burkitt on 'The Vision of God and Social Service.' On the Thursday morning the Rev. T. H. Champion was the essayist appointed for 'The Vision of God and World Inheritance.' The Southport meetings this Spring are to deal with 'Freedom and Authority.' This Association has also dealt with literary subjects, having had papers on 'The Testament of Beauty' and on 'The Poetry of Masfield.' At one of its meetings also a survey was given of 'Albert Schweitzer, scholar, musician and missionary.'

THE QUEST

Dealing perhaps more specifically with Dr. Church's reference to Hartley Clubs, one would next have to speak of the various Study Circles which, though not definitely organized or suggested by him, yet owed much of their inspiration to Dr. Peake. In his delightful article on 'Some Noted Tutors of Yesterday' Dr. Lidgett last quarter supplied happy reminiscences of some who moulded ministerial thought in Methodism. Similar tribute can be paid to the rich and cumulative influence of Dr. Peake. Perhaps the highest eulogy to his abiding memory would be to say that he never closed the discussion of any subject with a pontifical utterance, but ever sought to make each pupil a lifelong inquirer after truth. And as his students entered circuit work, the impact of his personality continued in a persistent momentum and local groups pursued the search for truth, new and old. One of the foremost of these ministerial circles is significantly named 'The Quest.' This is a group of Methodist ministers in the Newcastle and Sunderland and Durham Districts who meet monthly from October to April at the Central Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a morning and an afternoon session. Last season, 1933-4, the book taken in the mornings for study was F. R. Barry's *The Relevance of Christianity*. The afternoon subjects were: Pilgrims to Rome; Newman and Orchard; Academic Communism, Russian Communism, Fascism, T. S. Eliot and 'Wasteland'; and Essays. The Marquis of Tavistock was also booked to address the members on 'The Douglas Social Credit System.' For the present season, 1935-6, the Rev. J. E. Storey, M.A., led the morning's debate in October and November on Bergson's *Morality and Religion*. In December last the Rev. J. Pinchen dealt with the opening part of Dr. Temple's book on *Nature, Man and God*, whilst for the later chapters the Revs. R. Taunton, G. R. Russell, J. Crawford, and E. B. Hartley, B.A., B.D., have been responsible. In the afternoon sessions of October and November, Simpson's *The Evangelical Church Catholic* provided the basis of papers by the Revs. H. G. Absalom and A. G. Tanner. With the New Year attention has been turned to Folklore. For these talks it had been hoped to use the Riddell Lectures but as they had not been published, the Rev. L. J. Barmby and the Rev. John Naylor gave expositions of the 'Relation of Folklore to Religion and to Morality' without any such aid in contributions which were much appreciated. In March the Rev. J. B. Wanless was to introduce a conversation on Infant Baptism having particularly in mind the proposed Order of Service for Infant Baptism in the Methodist Church. For April the Rev. C. H. Rendall had assigned to him Barth's *Doctrine of Revelation*. The secretary of this virile and enterprising circle is the Rev. John Coulson.

OSWESTRY FRATERNAL

Turning now to groups of different origin but of allied aim, I have to thank the Rev. J. Lindsay for a report of the Oswestry and District Fraternal of which five Methodist ministers are members. Last year Laski's book on *Communism: (1381-1927)* in the Home University

Library was taken for study. This year Dr. Frank's work on *The Atonement* (Oxford University Press) has engaged attention. At the February meeting, the Vicar of Oswestry led the discussion.

BLACKBURN GROUP

About a dozen Methodist members meet once a month in a room at the Blackburn Mission Hall. This group has the advantage of being under the guidance of Dr. Braham who has given a series of talks on such subjects as 'Prophets and Philosophers' and 'The Revival of Idealism.' Under Dr. Braham's guidance helpful discussion has taken place. The apt quotations from the great classical philosophers and the religious leaders during the Christian era made by Dr. Braham clinched his arguments and proved that theistic idealism is the best type, though not free from difficulty, especially that caused by the problem of moral evil. Dr. Braham pointed out the usefulness of Dr. Tennant's *Philosophical Theology* at this point.

SCUNTHORPE POLYGON

The Scunthorpe Polygon is a gathering of ministers which is held usually at the home of the Rev. D. T. Hatfield, a Methodist minister who because of ill health had to retire from the active work early, but who revels in the intellectual fellowship of this group. At the January meeting, the secretary, the Rev. L. C. Barker, read a paper on two chapters of Barry's *The Relevance of Christianity*, evoking strong assent to the author's position. In the afternoon the Rev. J. W. Fryer spoke on The Holy Communion, outlining the fundamentally Protestant and especially the Nonconformist view and stressing the need for clear teaching to-day on this theme.

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Reports will be given of other groups later, but meanwhile the above may be taken as representative of a widespread movement and as indicative of a keen desire that ministerial gatherings may be occasions for more than talk of church business,—as hours to be prized for opportunities of breathing the ampler air of tonic themes.

SEEKING BOOKS

Since group study usually centres round a volume, the question arises as to how the best choice is to be made. As books are being published one may read reviews and seek to form a judgement accordingly. But even reviewers can only review books which come into their hands. And whilst to one who is already well versed in a subject and knows how to appraise a reviewer's silences and omissions, Press notices may be useful, yet to others they may fail to give the guidance that is needed. It is therefore well when recourse can be had to expert advice in the form of an up-to-date list of books annotated so as to allow a glimpse of the type of treatment to be expected. The Anglican Church which has for some years been taking this matter earnestly to heart has its Society of Sacred Study with warden at Cambridge and secretary at Oxford and librarian at Monmouth. Leaflets are issued periodically

giving a syllabus of study with recommended books. In Occasional Papers lists are given of books which had proved authoritative on their respective lines. Methodist scholarship has its own experts and we are trusting to be able within our own Church to secure guidance of this kind for these columns.

BOOK DISCOVERIES

Next to the satisfaction of securing on trustworthy advice a thoroughly good book for study must be reckoned the pleasure that comes from the personal finding of a volume, unheralded, yet arresting and provocative. In a bookshop, turning over the pages of a book previously unknown to him, a reader may sometimes feel in his bones that here is something calling for intimate acquaintance, and quiet perusal at home after purchase confirms him in his premonition. Somehow it fits him. It says just what, vaguely and inarticulately, he had been groping after. His own thought is clarified and illumined and fresh inspiration given to him in his life and work. This experience surely comes to every man amongst us. Cannot we share, however, with each other such finds as these? The writer would be glad to hear from any brother minister who in his own reading has gained a book which has become to him as a friend whose cordial message he would like to pass on.

B.B.C. RELIGIOUS TALKS

It may interest readers to know that in February at Broadcasting House clergy and ministers met in conference with Sir John Reith, the Rev. J. Iremonger, the Archbishop of York and Dr. Oldham to consider a programme of religious talks which might be of service to members of churches and also to non-churchgoers and have special relation to the World Conferences which, following the precedent of those held at Edinburgh and Stockholm, are to be held in 1937. Several Methodist ministers were present including Dr. Soper, who made the suggestion that these contemplated talks might immediately follow the news on Sunday evenings, and so rope in the listeners who normally eschew what they fear to be sermonic and tune in only for the secular items. Further announcements are, of course, to be made later, but the outline of possible subjects sketched by Dr. Oldham revealed a wide range of timely topics. The conversation showed that in many parts of the land discussion groups of laity, led by clergy and ministers, have been carefully dealing with the recent Talks, especially those on The Hope of Immortality by Dr. Matthews, the Dean of St. Paul's and on The Problem of Evil, by the Rev. J. S. Whale, President of Cheshunt College, Cambridge.

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I shall be glad to receive further reports and also comments on any subject suitable for these columns.

10 Mainwaring Road,
Lincoln.

W. E. FARNDALE.

Editorial Comments

We tender our sincere sympathy to His Majesty the King and to Her Majesty Queen Mary in the loss which has meant so much to them, and which has left us all conscious of the passing of a gracious Sovereign who called himself our friend.

The tributes which have been paid in the Press have been unanimous in their acknowledgement of kingly qualities and knightly grace, but they have proved the insufficiency of language as a medium of expression. There has gone forth from the whole nation a wave of loyalty and affectionate devotion which is unique in the history of the world.

He belongs to the ages, and yet we shall ever remain proud that in our day he was *our* king. Our prayers and our loyal service will be given to His Majesty King Edward VIII and to Her Majesty Queen Mary that they may be strengthened by the Divine Grace in the task they continue.

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HEALING AND BEING HEALED.

Not many modern autobiographies command a sale of 350,000 copies soon after they are published. One hears of such a record, and wonders what sensational crimes have excited public curiosity to such a pitch! For once the public is to be congratulated on its wise choice. The story of Carl Ludwig Schleich is not the record of a sensationalist, but of a Pomeranian doctor, who was a distinguished artist, a talented musician and the pioneer of local anæsthesia. His autobiography is a book of delightful reminiscence. He begins with a charming picture of the ancient city of Stettin, with its busy shipyard and its prosperous life in the mid-years of the nineteenth century—independent, complacent, a little supercilious. There is a quaint description of little Carl in 'the paradisaical and romantic playground' of the fat old wine-merchant, Herr Scheibert. He sat down and solemnly pounded a watch to pieces. 'It was presumably the thirst for knowledge that made me thus pull off the wings of the little bird of Time.' When he was compelled to make his excuses, he cried: 'But a little boy has got to know what's inside it!' From happy, childish memories we are taken to the terror of the cholera epidemic in 1866. Later we see something of student life, with its wild moments, and its goal in the surgical clinic at Greifswald. The work was hard, but Schleich found time to undertake research work with brilliant success. His discoveries in establishing a new principle of local anæsthesia ended in his condemnation by the conservative Surgical Congress—and this in spite of a vigorous defence by Dr.

Briegleb, who called him the Galileo of the nineteenth century. The description of his final triumph is a fascinating story of the victory of a man whose faculties were continually strained to alleviate the pain of the world. 'For me the main thing is that such inventions shall benefit the greatest possible number of sufferers; the question of their origin is, after all, unimportant. I rejoice that my ideas were victorious even if the world is not informed that it was I who was favoured with the privilege of developing them and handing them on.' There, and in many another place in this strong book is the mark of greatness.

As he was a distinguished painter, he proves himself an artist in words. There are some unforgettable portraits of Strindberg, Virchow, Paul Ehrlich, Richard Dehmel and many others. Again and again we are offered a perfect cameo.—'The composer of ballads, Carl Löwe, the organist of St. Jacob's Church, whose heart, in accordance with his last will and testament, was enclosed in a golden capsule and built into the cavity of the great C flue-pipe. . . . ' The artistry of the writing is manifest on every page, but the story itself reveals the writer as a great healer of mankind.

When the body is beyond healing, what then? There is a dramatic struggle which the soul may make to achieve perfect control of bodily circumstance. In such a victory lies a marvellous peace, even in pain. Madame France Pastorelli has described her own battle in language that is almost 'terrible in its simplicity.' Her whole life was changed by an illness. When people were expecting her to become a famous musician, she was stricken with a disease which meant that death might come at any moment. It was inevitable that the rest of her days should be passed as an incurable invalid.

With magnificent heroism she faced the future, determined 'to collect all the materials misfortune leaves in our hands and make what use we can of them.' There are no final victories in such a campaign. She begins the fight again each dawn.

Her book, *Servitude et Grandeur de la Maladie*, falls, naturally, into two sections—the drama of the inner self and the drama of the environment. After twenty years of active life, she found herself gradually limited in her activities until she was condemned to remain bed-ridden, exiled for ever from the realm of creative music. At once she began her struggle—'But my heart, wrung with so much secret suffering which it is not in the power of any human being to soften, must not continually be engrossed with its own pain. My God, may it be opened to that of others!' She began to give herself to those 'invisible friends,' fellow-sufferers, and so her book was born. She coined a brave phrase—'the right use of sickness.' Occasionally she challenges the imperfections of the strong—'Many people look on work as slavery. Sickness should teach them that it is freedom.' Every day she began her prayers with the words: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'

Steadily she wins her fight, but reinforcements arrive against her. She realizes, for the first time, that she will never walk out with her child again. In the midst of this agony, she is comforted by the little girl: 'Mother, you have given me two lives; the life of the body, as all mothers do, and the spiritual life, which only some mothers can.'

The second half of the book faces the problem of the invalid's environment. A trench is dug between the invalid and those who are well. To use another figure—'the paths of the invalid and those around, parallel at first, diverge more and more.' In considering this question of changed social relationships, Madame Pastorelli describes the obtuseness of the healthy and then turns to herself and her fellow-sufferers. Only one who had won a spiritual victory could write calmly of 'the burden we can be, and how we can lighten it.'

The whole book is invaluable to those who suffer, to those who minister to them, and to all who long to serve with skill and understanding.

Those Were Good Days—Carl Ludwig Schleich.—(George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d.)

The Glorious Bondage of Illness—(A Translation of *Servitude et Grandeur de la Maladie*)—France Pastorelli.—(George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 6s.)

MONK OR MISSIONARY?

In these days, when we are constantly talking of the increased facilities of transport and communication and the consequent shrinkage of the world, it is interesting to discover a community which remains almost as isolated as it was a thousand years ago! On the peninsula of Mount Athos are twenty monasteries which have gradually developed from an original foundation established by St. Athanasios the Athonite. They own the land—a mountainous ridge thirty-five miles in length—and maintain a system of government approved by Greece. Shut off from the political changes of the centuries, this strange community exists in Europe, yet never becomes really European. Wars may rage about it, but it does not take sides. Aeroplanes fly over it, but it remains a part of the past.

Two important books have been written, in recent years, describing something of the unique life of the men in the peninsula. In *Athos, or the Mountain of the Monks*, there is an interesting account by Mr. Athelstan Riley, and in *Der heilige Berg Athos; Landschaft und Legende* there is a modern description by Franz Spunda. Manuscripts and documents have been critically interpreted by Professor Kirsopp Lake and others, but an entirely new view-point has been adopted in the latest book dealing with the subject. To live amongst this republic of recluses, to win their confidence and to learn from direct conversation, their oral traditions and treasured legends is to become possessed of a vast new store of material. Such a method might easily be misused, and the whole picture could be distorted by uncritical credulity. Fortunately Professor Dawkins, with sympathetic understanding, with unquestioned scholarship and with an admirable

sense of proportion has collected and selected these fascinating stories. The result is that he has given us a book which is as interesting as it is informative. The historical setting and background of the legends is sufficiently detailed to enable the ordinary reader to take his bearings and to appreciate Professor Dawkins' assessment of values.

The importance of this excellent work lies chiefly in the fact that we are shown 'a way of looking at the world which has come down to us straight from the Byzantine age.' The monks of Mt. Athos have nothing that is modern in their outlook, nor have they much of Ancient Greece. They are a legacy of 'the Christianized Greece of the Byzantine age.' The legacy is not a bundle of documents, nor a credal expression; it is a living community persisting in unbroken continuity, and changing almost as slowly as the mountains amongst which it lives.

This is a strange story of men living, in isolation, lives of austerity and rigorous observance of rites and ceremonies—a company who belong to the dead past, yet who dwell unperturbed by our noisy, feverish existence.

To turn from the description of the monastic communities on Mt. Athos to the life of Albert Schweitzer is as extreme a contrast as possible. Here is a man who has acquainted himself with all that is best in art and music yet has decided to live on the edge of the primeval forest. Eminent as theologian and philosopher, he left his work in Europe to 'repay the white man's debt to the negro.' The story of his three-fold sacrifice is known to the civilized world. There are those whose verdict is cynical—'suicide whilst temporarily insane.' There are others who look at it with a rustic wonder—and pass on. Yet there are some to whom it has become a real challenge. It is a clear example of an act of faith and love, which was not the consequence of sudden impulse to be regretted and abandoned. Such see in it the continuous and deliberate acceptance of a way of life which lifts one from the anxious and calculating scheming of to-day not to Mount Athos but to Capernaum.

The author of this biography, Magnus C. Ratter, is a Shetlander, who became a minister in London, and eventually a 'friendship lecturer' in India. He has given us an interesting book which, in some measure, interprets the personality of Dr. Schweitzer, though the complete accomplishment of that task is beyond the power of any earthly recorder.

When you have read the account of the 'watch service' of the monks of Athos, and when you have considered the difficulties of preaching and worshipping in a modern church, it is a salutary exercise to read the description of a Central African service.

'I cannot demand of my hearers that they should sit as stiff as the faithful in an Alsatian Church. I overlook the fact that those who have their fireplaces cook their dinners while they are listening, that another washes and combs her baby's hair, that a man mends his fishing net. . . . For there are always new people there and if I

were continually to keep on admonishing them during the service, its solemnity would be much more disturbed; so I leave things alone.'

This artist and philosopher, with his profound understanding of the theological quests of many minds in many ages, goes on preaching in spite of the noise of the weaver birds in the trees, or the distractions of prodigal goats. He is content to speak simply, teaching his congregation the art of happiness in doing the will of the Lord Jesus. They are content to listen, for he heals their bodies, and maybe he cares enough to bring health to their souls.

The Monks of Athos—R. M. Dawkins, M.A., F.S.A.—(George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 15s.)

Albert Schweitzer, A Biography—Magnus C. Ratter.—(Allenson. 7s. 6d.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

In these days of short-lived 'best-sellers' it is good to turn back to the fiction which has endured the test of the years. One does not suggest that a wholesome 'thriller' may not serve a good purpose, but its work is soon done. It does not describe the manners nor the mind of to-day, nor does it usually present an accurate picture of the methods of Scotland Yard. It is little more than a temporary escape from our own local circumstances. For that we are grateful, but the real novel has contributed much more to the history of our nation. Many of the books which have been written to describe the development of this side of English literature are either pedantic or technical. It is pleasant to discover one which is written in an easy, conversational style, and which introduces the author and his characters without the dread formalities of the school-room! In his fluent and sometimes provocative little book, the Rev. R. H. U. Bloor, B.A., has provided the ordinary reader with an excellent little primer which might be described as 'literature without tears and with occasional laughter'.—'The Victorian man and woman are not in fashion in this age when it is the thing to spill your temperament in every place.' This is Mr. Bloor's verdict, and it sends us back gladly to Hardy and Meredith or their predecessors.

The English Novel from Chaucer to Galsworthy—R. H. U. Bloor, B.A.—(Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 4s. 6d.)

A MODERN ANTHOLOGY.

Normally one hesitates to commend anthologies, except as a convenient substitute. In many cases they fail lamentably in balance, and they are seldom satisfactory to the student of literature. The case of modern poetry is exceptional. The sale is limited, and the cost consequently prohibitive. A satisfactory anthology of the poems of our own day is a welcome discovery. In his introduction to his recently published collection, Mr. R. L. Mégroz writes 'The plan of this anthology is to represent the diversity of English poetry and its most characteristic qualities during, roughly, the past forty years.' He has selected copyright poems from the work of nearly seventy

poets, and in so doing has succeeded in preserving an admirable sense of proportion. The arrangement is excellent and the notes helpful. We should like to have had more of these comments from this competent critic, but one appreciates the modesty with which he restrains his own judgement. That this is sound is obvious from the selection he has made. The short introduction is stimulating, and the whole book will prove a boon to the general reader.

A Treasury of Modern Poetry—R. L. Mégroz.—(Pitman. 7s. 6d.)

PORTRAITS IN THE CLASSICAL TRADITION.

There are many books which are informative, some which lack matter but have a certain claim to 'style,' and there is a lesser number which possess both qualities. To this last, short list may be added the latest work by the Honourable Ruairaidh Erskine of Marr. Readers of this *Review* are familiar with his distinguished style, which is not completely defined by the word classic. He cannot be confined within the limits of any school, nor even in the broader world of the Augustan age. There is a quality in all his writing which defies analysis, yet attracts the reader to return again and again to study the formal phrasing and to enjoy its occasional but intentional pedantry. In this collection of essays Mr. Ruairaidh Erskine of Marr is concerned with what men loosely term 'fame.'—'I hold that to speak of fame as "imperishable," or of this or that memory as "immortal," is contrary to the law of God and nature, and therefore bagatelle'.—Such is the thesis of this book. Its critical judgements of King Edward VII, Gladstone, Redmond, Asquith, Parnell, Lord Granville, Arthur James Balfour and Lord Rosebery are not likely to meet with general approval, but will be appreciated by many, since they are the product of personal experience and a highly developed sense of values.

King Edward VII and Some Other Figures—The Hon. Ruairaidh Erskine of Marr.—(Dent. 8s. 6d.)

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC DEVOTIONS.

It is seldom that one secures a collection of new prayers which echo the music and the intentions of the great masters of the spiritual life. The Dean of King's College, Cambridge has written seventy Collects for the private use of individuals, or for public worship at devotional gatherings. As we should expect from such a source, they are unfailing in their music and in their ordered thought. In these days of easily written 'prayers' which are often completely lacking in liturgical sense and dignity, it is a welcome change to receive so beautiful and helpful a book. Every prayer in this collection is direct and vital. The thoughts take us back to Richard Rolle, or by contrast to Robert Bridges. The English of the Authorised Version is the standard by which they are written. The generous allocation of a page to each Collect lends distinction to a book, which is a valuable addition to our devotional library.

A Cambridge Bede Book for moments of prayer and meditation—Eric Milner-White, D.S.O., M.A.—(Longmans, Green & Co. 5s.)

A TRIBUTE TO GILBERT MURRAY.

Whilst the Greek scholars of Oxford University dedicated their volume of essays on Greek Poetry to Professor Gilbert Murray, another book was written in his honour by friends intimately associated with him in his versatile life. The Right Honourable H. A. L. Fisher indulges his memory in the introductory chapter.—‘As an undergraduate at St. John’s you were poet and scholar, liberal politician and social reformer, and ready to follow the light of reason wherever it might lead. So in your larger sphere you remain, reason sits unshaken on her throne, you have never admitted a challenge to her empire’.

There are eighteen essays presented to this greatly beloved scholar on the occasion of his retiring from the Chair of Greek at Oxford. The writers include the Poet Laureate, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Lord Cecil, the Spanish Ambassador in Paris and Professor Margoliouth. The editors are Professors J. A. K. Thomson and A. J. Toynbee. It is evident that the selection of subjects is intended to suggest in some measure the breadth of his outlook and the depth of his sympathies. Greek Tragedy and his interest in the stage are coupled with his work for the League of Nations and for the education of women.

No man has more richly deserved the tribute of scholars, nor more constantly exemplified the modesty of true culture. Some little time ago I chanced to fall in with a wayfaring man down in Surrey. In the course of a desultory conversation he told me he had been ‘in service’ with Professor Murray. When I encouraged him to talk his whole face was lit up with the light of appreciation. If he had been capable of writing at all, I am convinced he would have added another essay that should have expressed the gladness of the peasant in contact with a king.

It is impossible to give any adequate notice of so comprehensive a book. Professor Thomson focuses our attention on the value of Gilbert Murray’s work in ‘reinterpreting the classics to his own generation in the light of living thought and with the skill of the literary artist.’ Lord Cecil characterizes him in a fine sentence—‘His quickness of apprehension, his readiness to appreciate all points of view, his disinterestedness and impartiality, combined with his wide culture, his perfect wit which illuminates everything and hurts no one, and his modesty which puts us all to shame—here is a collection of qualities as rare as it is enchanting.’

This great tribute from men and women of eminence is sincere and convincing—but it is what my old Surrey gardener meant when he said: ‘Professor Murray, yes sir, ‘e was a fine gentleman, ‘e was.’

Essays in Honour of Gilbert Murray—ed. by Professors J. A. K. Thomson and A. J. Toynbee—(George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d.)

NATIONALISM AND THE REFUGEES.

The outbreak of persecution in Germany has created a refugee problem which has affected many other European nations. For the last two and a half years philanthropic organizations have done their best to provide means of settlement for the vast numbers of non-

Aryan people who have been compelled to leave Germany. Lord Cecil describes their virtual expulsion as 'one of the greatest national crimes that has ever been committed.'

In 1933 the League of Nations Assembly appointed a High Commission and Mr. James G. McDonald accepted the office of High Commissioner for Refugees (Jewish and Other) coming from Germany to 'negotiate and direct the international collaboration necessary to solve the economic, financial and social problem.'

The book which has recently been written by Norman Bentwich gives a detailed description of the progress of this work. We learn that 65,000 refugees left Germany in 1933, and of this number about 13,000 were non-Jewish. Though this was but the beginning of what has been a remorselessly consistent policy it brought immediate expressions of protest from the Christian Church. Amongst the most eloquent utterances was the historic speech of Dr. J. Scott Lidgett.

Whatever may be the ultimate verdict of history on the causes of the exodus, no-one can question the righteousness of the indignation which has been aroused by this violation of the Christian conscience. The problem itself has become more complex, for its consequences include questions of international relations and issues that go much deeper than economic or financial settlements. Refugees must be re-trained and absorbed in communities to which they came as strangers, even though they be welcomed on the grounds of charity. Many of them who were occupied in the liberal professions or in academic studies have been compelled to turn themselves to manual labour, for which they were physically unsuited, and in which they are unskilled.

In many countries the academic authorities have striven to accommodate these professional exiles, and preserve their technical ability for suitable service. The Quakers, true to their tradition, have rendered aid most generously. Great numbers of Jewish refugees have been settled in Palestine and in America.

The penalty of this policy of expulsion will not be born entirely by the exiles themselves. Germany has by her 'criminal insanity'—to quote Lord Cecil—deprived herself of some of the finest intellects in her land. At the beginning of 1934 at least 1,500 lawyers and 4,000 doctors were included amongst the dispossessed. Of these, 1,000 lawyers and 1,500 doctors decided, at once, to emigrate. (It is interesting to learn that 200 doctors applied to English academic institutions in order to qualify for practice in the British Empire.)

Figures, however, cannot reveal the full extent of this amazing situation. The present policy in Germany tends to make life impossible for nearly half a million Jews and one and a half million non-Aryans. Meanwhile at least 15,000 of the original refugees remain unabsorbed.

Norman Bentwich has written a moving document, made still more impressive by the reasoned statement contained in the official letter of resignation from the High Commissioner for Refugees, Mr. James G. McDonald. It is a record which sends one to one's knees and presently calls one to action. One of the most pleasing features is that, even

amidst the sombre details, the author finds aspects of the situation which seem to prove the invincible sympathy of humanity as a whole. This is certainly a book which should be read by every student of international affairs to-day.

The Refugees from Germany by Norman Bentwich (George Allen & Unwin Ltd., 6s.)

A SONG OF JOY.

Grant me, Jesus, an atom of Thy heart,
 Let my heart know what love is . . .
 Lord I stand before Thee with my prayer . . .
 Let me love Thee perfectly,
 Let me love Thy whole creation,
 Let me love pain and virtue, suffering and peace . . .
 Let me love the falling leaves,
 The smallest butterfly, the dusty earth,
 All sick children of men. . . .

So the prayer runs on. It is a song on Christmas Eve, and it is sung spontaneously, in lyric rapture, by 'a brilliant and lonely genius' who met Jesus. It is formless but it is sincere. The Hungarian and German versions of the book were published under the title 'Jesus in the Beehive.' In a strange, rhapsodic outburst he cries out against war and the makers of war. The bee is the bee of Pentecost and humanity is like a company of great unhappy beetles consumed with a sense of superiority instead of a great love. He was like that and knew great trouble but 'now he is happy, for he has learned that through Nature the living soul of the Lord has been poured out on all His creatures.' The rapturous joy of Roland Hegedues, the author, finds expression in wild and child-like adventures in theological and scientific realms. It is not a book of sermons, and certainly not a theological statement, but it is the happy abandonment of a spirit in communion with Jesus. The methods of expression are unfamiliar to the English mind, but the experience is intelligible to any man who has known a joyous tryst with his Lord.

A Banker Meets Jesus—Roland von Hegedues—(George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 2s. 6d.)

THE EDITOR.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The World and God: A Study of Christian Experience in Prayer, Providence and Miracle. By H. H. Farmer, M.A., (Nisbet & Co. 10s. 6d.)

It must be now sixteen years since a discerning prophet told us that there was a young Presbyterian minister at Stafford who had the makings of the foremost Christian philosopher in this country. Everyone knows of Mr. Farmer's call to follow Fearon Halliday at Barnet, of his call to the chair of Theology at Hartford Theological Seminary, and most recently of his summons to fill the chair vacated by Professor John Oman at Westminster College, Cambridge. He has signalled his call to that high office by publishing in the Library of Constructive Theology two series of lectures delivered in America, the Russell Lectures at Auburn, and the Carew Lectures at Hartford. Professor Farmer is that very unusual blend, the theologian who is a philosopher by training and instinct, and at the same time a born preacher. He is not interested in arid speculations about theoretical possibilities with no relation to life and experience. Probably few books have been published in recent years which deal so directly and so competently with those questions which are vexing the mind of the religious thinker to-day, and with those half-conscious inhibitions which are paralyzing the effective preaching of the Christian message in so many pulpits.

Belief in a personal God is the central requirement in Christian thought and experience, but over against this stands the monism of so much modern thought which denies the supernatural, regards miracle as inconsistent with the scientific view of nature, and reduces prayer at the best to pious reflexion. The book falls into two parts, the first dealing with General Principles and Categories, the second setting forth the Christian Experience of God as Personal through Reconciliation. The starting point of the discussion is the consideration of distinctiveness and immediacy experienced in human relationships. Value-resistance and value co-operation in our awareness of persons find their correspondence in our awareness of God as absolute demand and final succour. Revelation, Providence, Miracle and Prayer are all approached in the light of the divine personality thus conceived. The distinction between discovery and revelation is that between the impersonal and the personal. An interesting passage in the chapter on Providence brings in the concept of dimension as an aid to our understanding. In dealing with the real character of the uniformity of nature we are reminded that its fixity is like the fixity of the past. Science examines the pattern of 'filled time,' *post*

eventum, not the ultimate creative elements. The supreme miracle is Jesus Christ, and miracle is always to be understood in the environment of the religious life.

It may be said that much of the same ground is covered in the second part of the book, but the approach is now from the definitely Christian experience of reconciliation with a personal God through Christ. This immediately brings us to a consideration of the fact of sin. Perhaps the most distinctive contribution which Professor Farmer makes to the subject of reconciliation is his relation of it to eschatology. Indeed those who have been perplexed by the apparent contrariety of the two aspects of Jesus which we find set forth in the Gospels, the 'Galilean idyll' aspect and the 'forked lightning' aspect, will find great help in his expansion of von Hügel's solution of the problem. But all the way through this part of the book, whether Professor Farmer is writing about miracle, or prayer, or guidance, or progress, we are reminded again and again that to know the Christian religion from the inside is to view all these problems from a higher angle. The Spirit of Jesus transforms our relationships and our scale of values. Within that encompassing influence we have a consuming sense of God as Holy Will, checking and criticizing all wishes of a merely egotistic and eudaemonistic kind.

We have only touched upon a few of many vitally important subjects that are discussed with frankness and clarity. It is a book that will lead to clear and strenuous thinking, that will send back many a timid soul to petitionary prayer with all the confidence of invigorated and intelligent faith, and that will deepen the sense of reverent humility in the presence of the mystery and majesty of the Creator.

W. F. HOWARD.

The Purpose of God. By Dr. W. R. Matthews. (Nisbet. 7s. 6d.)

If anyone wishes to know the Christian reaction to contemporary philosophy, he cannot do better than read the Dean of St. Paul's books. This doesn't mean that Dr. Matthews *merely* synthesizes current Christian philosophy. In this book, for instance, he challenges Dr. Temple's Gifford Lectures at a very pertinent point; but it does mean that he is a fairly representative Christian philosopher. Here he re-states the teleological argument for us. First, he deals with it in relation to the ontological and cosmological argument—incidentally re-stating them too. Then he selects certain 'classical formulations' of the teleological argument, characteristically including Leibniz. A chapter follows that answers Hume and Kant's attacks on the argument. Next he comes to the heart of his subject, insisting that no adequate account of the universe can be given that doesn't take competent account of the mind of man. The central chapter, that is, illustrates the valid kind of 'anthropomorphism'—beginning with man, but by no means ending with him. The next chapter deftly, but reasonably, turns the edge of the objection that the existence

of evil vetoes a belief in the purposiveness of the universe; it discusses also a subject which, as the author says, has usually been rather neglected in teleological discussion—the place of history in the ‘argument from design.’ Perhaps the most interesting part of the final chapter is the admission that no Christian account of the universe can just omit Apocalyptic. We still await a full discussion of this subject, but Dr. Matthews has some very relevant things to say. He thinks, for instance, that to-day Christianity is being challenged by the false Church-States of Russia and Germany and Italy to develop a new form of the concept of a Church-State. In other words, he thinks that nineteenth century ‘liberalism’ is played out. Some readers will wish that there had been a longer exposition of the claim that ‘the hypothesis that there could be finite matter in infinite time becomes unmeaning,’ and we hope that the Dean will fulfil his ‘ambition’ to write a book on the problem of evil, but it is only of good things that one ‘asks for more.’ We don’t wonder that the Glasgow audience that heard the lectures on which the book is based, preserved ‘their ranks unbroken to the end.’

C. RYDER SMITH.

The Gospel and the Catholic Church. By A. M. Ramsey.
(Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.)

Here is an attempt to bridge the gulf of misunderstanding that divides the two great types of Christianity, Catholic and Evangelical. ‘The two traditions,’ says the author, ‘puzzle one another. The one seems legalistic; the other seems individualistic. . . . And thus the debates between the two traditions are often wearisome and fruitless.’ The book is written from the Catholic standpoint, but the writer seeks to establish it on the authority of Scripture. ‘Our view of the ministry had better be evangelical than archæological.’ The meaning of the Church must, he holds, be sought in the Gospel of Christ crucified. The death of Christ created a new Israel, a society in which death to self and resurrection into a larger life are the characteristic notes. Hence the Church is, in a sense, not merely figurative, the Body of Christ; and ‘to be joined to Christ is to be joined to Christ-in-His-Body.’ This is a position, with which there is now more sympathy in evangelical circles than formerly; and the author moreover is at pains to support it by an impressive catena of New Testament passages. But the marks of Christ’s continued indwelling of His Church, it is further contended, are to be sought not alone in its inner experience but also, and equally, in its outward structure. This carries the argument of the book on to ground where agreement will not easily be reached. The author pleads the case for episcopacy, apostolic succession, liturgical worship and authority persuasively and with moderation. His statement will fortify those who are already convinced, and though it may not be conclusive for others they will find it illuminating and, we may add, deserving of respectful consideration. The strength and weakness of the Roman claims are carefully

appraised, while Protestant ideals of worship are examined with much discrimination and unfailing tact. The temper of the book is indeed unexceptionable; and this is a matter of the first importance, since the bridge that needs to be set up is a moral as well as a logical structure.

W. S. HANDLEY JONES.

Christ and His Cross. By W. Russell Maltby. (Epworth Press. 5s. net.)

This is the first 'Cato' lecture. The subject is vital to every Christian, and the exposition by Dr. Maltby is original and powerful. Australia received him and his message with enthusiasm and gratitude. We believe those who read the lecture will find an interpretation of the Cross which will enrich their experience and enlarge their understanding of the central truth of Christianity. The author approaches the subject by way of the synoptic record, where we find revealed the mind of One who knew Himself to be the Saviour of the world. No human consciousness, physically conditioned, could indefinitely endure the weight of such a vocation, and sooner or later the breaking-point must have come. Here was the real 'necessity' of His death. In the Cross there was both the culmination of human iniquity and our Lord's final answer to it; and His answer was to betroth Himself for ever to the human race for its recovery. Not even the Incarnate Son would utter such a pledge and live. That pledge stands only if He stands. The testimony of St. Paul confirms this conclusion. His various analogies, sacrificial and other, are illustrative, not cardinal, and are therefore continually transcended and left behind by the apostle himself. The tendency of the various expiatory theories is to hide Christ behind His Cross rather than to reveal Him by His Cross. The 'moral' theories ignore essential data and lose depth. The true theory must confront us not with an event, but with a Person, who Himself in His redeeming purpose, integrates the whole, and is our Living Lord and Saviour because He means now and always what He meant then.

The Psychology of Conversion. By W. Bryn Thomas. (Allenson. 5s. net.)

When a fact that is a fact is explained away as an illusion, it is still a fact. The explanation is the illusion. So many works on the Psychology of Conversion seem prone to this illusion. They explain a fact away. Mr. Thomas escapes this peril of the psychologist. He is convinced that the study really leads somewhere. He believes that it 'directs us to the highway along which men have—without realizing it—been travelling in their search for God all down the ages.' The reader who anticipates from the qualification 'without realizing it' that the usual confusion is ahead need not be deterred. The book bravely attempts something in the nature of a constructive synthesis of the conflicting views of quite a number of writers on

this difficult subject. The aim is controlled by an honest faith that psychology has light to shed on the interdependence of God and man. The writer knows his field. He surveys every important work from Jonathan Edwards up to the latest publication. Wisely he gives most attention to the findings of E. Starbuck, William James, De Sanctis, and Underwood. His presentation of their positions is excellent. A chapter on St. Augustine is full of valuable psychological material. He argues that Augustine cannot be adequately estimated by the theological approach alone. His theology can be understood only by a psychological appreciation of the whole of the story. Mr. Thomas gives his own position thus: 'What is of importance (in Conversion) is that there be a *definite* appropriation of a new element of ultimate Reality, that is, of reality that is ultimate, viz. God.' It is an experience of normal human nature in a super-normal relationship.

ERNEST BARRETT.

The Birth of Indian Psychology and its Development in Buddhism. By Mrs. Rhys Davids, D.Litt., M.A. (Luzac & Co. 3s. 6d., cloth 5s.)

This is a much enlarged and rewritten edition of Mrs. Rhys Davids' former book on *Buddhist Psychology*, issued in 1914 and reissued ten years later. Mrs. Rhys Davids undertakes an enormous task. Beginning with the Vedas and Upanishads, she traces the development of the idea of Man, of Self and of Mind throughout them. Then comes the Sankhyan philosophy and the Yoga. Thus we are led to original Buddhism. As is well known, Mrs. Rhys Davids holds that original Buddhism had a message which was corrupted not only by the time the earliest scriptures were written but still more in subsequent interpretation of them. The task she sets before her is the rescue of the original gospel from the monkish alterations, especially as regards the traditional 'No soul' doctrine. With much that she has to say it is possible to agree, though in many cases only a competent knowledge of Pali, to say nothing of Sanskrit, would enable the reader to judge wisely. She is convinced that Gotama recognized and preached a self, a Man-in-man. The traditional five 'khandas' which are now at the centre of Buddhist psychology are not, so Mrs. Rhys Davids contends, part of the original teaching. That the mind nor the body was the self Gotama held and taught, but the inference that there was no underlying unity was a misapprehension. The Buddha rejected the Upanishadic teaching of a static self, but though the self was a becoming rather than a being, that becoming was a reality, not an illusion. Mrs. Rhys Davids breaks many a lance with the translators who render the 'bhu' group of words as if they meant being rather than becoming. That misrepresents early Buddhists who were not quietists, but rather 'the ever active John Wesleys of their day.' One feels that Mrs. Rhys Davids has substantially advanced her position by this very scholarly study and hopes that she will live

to see the world of Pali scholars as well as the average student convinced that she has rescued early Buddhism from the utter misrepresentation of later days.

E. S. WATERHOUSE.

God and the Common Life. By Robert Lowry Calhoun.
(Scribner's. 8s. 6d. net.)

A glimpse at the title of this book might suggest that the subject matter would prove of interest for the common and garden variety of intelligent mortal, but unfortunately many of its pages are not of this order. The perusal of the Contents tables, or the Index of names, brings quick disillusionment. As a matter of fact it is not meant for popular reading, it is no arm-chair volume, but is written for theologians and the trained mind. A searching and valuable work, yet not everybody's treat, because much of it can only be followed by those in possession of a grounding in theology, philosophy and psychology. It reveals a remarkable grasp of the modern world situation, and proceeds to a searching analysis of the mind of the different groups seeking to bring about a new order of common life. The task the writer sets himself is indicated in two main questions: Are there in everyday life now intimations of the presence of the living God? And if such there be, how shall we align our thinking and living with their demands? We live in a time of exaggerated haste: a breathless time. We have outgrown our clothes of the old familiar world-view, and the confusions of a burgeoning new era are once more upon us. We are living creatures caught in the flux of a very baffling present. And this work of Dr. Calhoun's is a fine effort to 'lay a course as well as we can, even in the midst of a drifting fog and a running sea.' To find God in the everyday world of plain people, in spite of, or rather out of, 'this sprawling monstrosity called modern civilization.' The real thesis of the book is the 're-assertion of the ancient premise that worship and ordinary work belong together, that the adoration of God should be integral to, and not sundered from everyday life.' The recognition of everyman's day's work as a vocation, in the sense of a divine calling. It is the setting forth of a whole-hearted belief that work conceived and practised as vocation is basic to good life and religion. Labour, manual and mental, is a primary and universal condition of man's survival as man, and of his chance for good human living. The common daily life is analyzed and defined in terms of work and worship, showing what it means to-day to live in active dependence on God. The economic and social conditions are fearlessly faced. There is an ever present need for change: 'No actual order is permanent or ought to be permanent; and the order now existing has convincingly shown its need to be changed, not simply restored nor maintained as it is.' Some of the author's beliefs on social reconstruction as work will not be easily acceptable: 'Major social enterprises cannot be conducted by enlightenment and persuasion alone.' Force, direct coercion, non-violent coercion are extensively necessary in the author's view.

But the supreme need is for men to become 'co-labourers with God.' God is at work, man must be at work with Him. This is the ground and meaning of each man's vocation: 'he is called to be a contributing participant in a shared task and a common life—a task shared and a life in communion with his fellow creatures and with God.' The world is unfinished and broken, and is to be made whole by God, but man must labour with Him. Real worship sends us out to this work; a vocational call to the warfare of the destruction of man's inhumanity to man—the chief source of a broken world.

W. G. THORNAL BAKER.

Speaking of Religion. By Bruce Curry. (Scribner's & Sons, Ltd. 6s. net.)

This book has been written to tell us what kind of Religion it is that can sustain our life in the modern world and meet its profounder Spiritual needs. Dr. Bruce Curry, who is Professor of Practical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary, is said to be 'probably the most successful interpreter of the Bible appearing in Student Conferences in America.' Readers of *Speaking of Religion* will not be surprised to learn that Dr. Curry can grip and hold and guide the mind of thinking youth in the realm of Religion. In this book he emphasizes the view that 'bad religion' or 'low religion' is to be credited with much of the present-day indifference to Religion, and with 'much of the questioning of its necessity,' whereas 'good religion' or 'high religion' if it were once understood and appropriated, would restore to life the meaning and power for which men are longing. By 'high religion' the author is not thinking of a New religion, but a 'revision upward of existing religion.' By 'low religion' he has in mind that form of Christianity 'which cannot bear the scrutiny of the Scientific approach, or bear the moral strains of dealing realistically with a maladjusted society.' Here are to be found clear and courageous thinking on the greatest of all themes, and a tremendous challenge to the best that is in every man. It is a work to be commended to all who are seeking to interpret the Christian Religion to-day.

J. MAINWARING.

O Men of God. By Canon B. Iddings Bell. (Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.)

This is the Bishop of London's Lenten book. In his introduction he tells us that Canon Bell is 'one of the best known preachers in the United States,' and if this stimulating volume is typical *we* could do with more of him. A wind from the mountain places blows through it, fresh and not a little searching. His central theme is that 'men do not seek after God to-day because they hold themselves in an unjustly low esteem.' It is a mordant protest against that whole philosophy which is based on the view that man is no more than a superior, very clever animal—and Canon Bell faces the facts. He is familiar with modern science and makes magnificently apposite use

of its marked trend during the last few years away from its older attitude towards one humbler and less material. He can, indeed, be almost bitter; but the great delight of the book is his warm and glowing mysticism and his very real gospel. 'It is good that men should think; but it is indispensable that men should love. . . . *That means religion.*' 'And as I come to love Him more, I find that He and I love everyone. This way lies joy!' And finally, 'Against a world gone wrong, for its salvation, He pitted a life gone right. . . . The medicine of the world is a cross—His cross and ours.'

C. LESTER JOHNSON.

If They had Known. Being Studies in Everyman and the Cross. By Leslie F. Church, B.A., Ph.D. (Epworth Press. 2s. 6d.)

The author, in these studies of the character and the influence of the Cross, has provided material for considering the transforming power of the love of Christ in the lives of men. Such varying types as Simon Peter, Hamlet and Demas are studied at the foot of the Cross. It will prove an ideal book for Lenten Addresses.

The Foundation of the Christian Faith. By Dr. A. Lukyn Williams, (Heffer, Cambridge. 3s. 6d.)

In this book Dr. Williams achieves what he set out to do. He has produced a book for honest thinkers, whether Jews or Christians. The setting is simple, the facts are taken at their real value. His evidence is based on principles rather than the older data of proof texts and Messianic prophecy. The book is one on personality, of Israel as God's chosen and Jesus as God's son. The Section on the Kingdom of Heaven is a great interpretation of the facts and a stirring challenge to loyalty. The difficulties relevant to the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Mosaic Law, and the meaning of the Sacraments are finely resolved. The book is well worth possessing by open air advocates. It will render great service to those in groups and to the individual student.

J. H. MARTIN.

Vital Elements of Public Worship. By J. Ernest Rattenbury, D.D. (Epworth Press. 5s. net.)

Here is an exceedingly able book on a most important subject. No one will read it with indifference. Some may find it provocative, but most people will feel the inspiration and challenge of its message. After discussing the origins of Christian worship, Dr. Rattenbury traces the development of two tendencies—one towards the formal and institutional, and the other towards the inspirational, individual and spontaneous. Roman Catholic and Protestant practice is sharply contrasted, and both are criticized. A very strong plea is made for the restoration of objectivity in our Methodist worship. The quality of balance has been lost, and Dr. Rattenbury sets out the case for its recovery. The latter part of the book is concerned with the practice of

public worship, and though some of the suggestions may not commend unqualified approval, they show one very clearly the points at which our present methods are open to constructive criticism. Perhaps the most valuable part of the whole book is its fifth section which contains an admirable explanatory and devotional commentary on the Order of Holy Communion. This is an important contribution to our somewhat scanty literature on the subject. It is an honest attempt to present a view-point, and will, we feel sure, be welcomed by those who share its conclusions, and by those who desire to study them from their own angle.

A further review of this book will appear in July from the pen of the Rev. Dr. R. Newton Flew.

Religion in Life. A book for Lent. Various authors.
(Longmans. 3s. 6d.)

In the sponsoring of the Lenten Books for nearly thirty years the Bishop of London has enriched the devotional life of all the churches and the spiritual power of the Church. The issue of outstanding chapters in these books as a further volume is a worthy contribution to Lenten literature. The writers of the books were all aptly chosen and the same may be said of this selection from their original works. This volume is a compendium of practical theology which will establish the faith of thoughtful young Christians and confirm the experience of older pilgrims. Each of the writers is a recognized authority who is so far a master of the subject in hand that within the severe limits of the space allotted, something permanent is presented. To read Dr. Temple's chapter on 'The Primary Need—Conversion' is to explore the foundation of spiritual experience, and to ponder over Evelyn Underhill's words on 'The Crucified' is to discover the secret of our salvation. Bishop Montgomery's vision of 'Easter Morning' is a fine epilogue to a well made and finely produced book. We commend this volume to those who have the series of 'Lenten Books' and more to those who have not.

J. HENRY MARTIN.

The Story of the Bible. A popular account of how it came to us. Sir Frederic Kenyon, G.B.E., K.C.B., F.B.A., P.S.A.
—(John Murray. 3s. 6d.)

Most of those who have written appreciations of the character of King George V have mentioned the fact that he read the Bible every day. It is significant of the general admission that such a practice leads, almost inevitably, to the right regulation of thought and conduct. It is not quite as easy, however, for the youth of to-day to meet some of the questions that rise in his more critical mind as he reads. For that reason we welcome the new volume by Sir Frederic Kenyon on the actual text of the Bible. It is authoritative, comprehensive and, at the same time, a most readable book. Even the advanced student will be glad to have so vivid an account of the discoveries of the last fifty years as the author gives us in the chapter

entitled, 'The Position To-day.' One of the most arresting passages deals with the unique conditions under which the Christian writings circulated in the early centuries. Not many authors are able to present so critical a subject in a way which enthralled the popular reader and at the same time convinces the serious student, but Sir Frederic Kenyon has succeeded in doing this in his latest book.

Introduction to Philosophy. By G. T. W. Patrick, Ph.D., and F. M. Chapman, Ph.D. Revised Edition. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is not possible to describe this book in a small space; this because it accomplishes what its title promises. After the method is set forth, all things in heaven and earth that have come within the cognizance of philosophers are surveyed, beginning with Cosmology and ending with Aesthetics. Its competence is conspicuous; those who use this Introduction will gain knowledge, and also the wisdom that is the end of philosophy. Those who set out to read all the books recommended will undertake a task that will occupy all the leisure of an ordinary lifetime. It is not possible to attempt an exposition without becoming, when personal convictions are encountered, an advocate. There is evidence of this, and also of vehement disagreements that add to the vivacity of this exposition. But there is always the intention to be fair to theories that are not accepted. The book is full of quotations, not in the sense that *Hamlet* is. The numerous excerpts from American writers afford an introduction to literature unknown to many English readers. In following the guidance given here the study of philosophy becomes an adventure and adds to the gaiety of life as well as to the sense of life's values.

J. C. MANTRIPP.

Psychology and God. A new and cheap edition of Canon Grensted's Bampton Lectures. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

The formidable nature of the attack on religion by means of psychological analysis is generally recognized. The special value of Canon Grensted's book is that he meets the psychologists on their own ground, and shows that their own premises warrant, and indeed require, conclusions of a more positive character than they have been willing to accept. A human personality, he insists, is never isolated and self-contained. It is only in relation to that which lies beyond itself that it achieves its full development, passing beyond the mechanical control of instinct and entering a world where sentiments, purpose, and estimates of worth or value are called into play. There is something curiously perverse in the attempt to short-circuit psychological activities, cutting them off from their proper ends, which lie beyond the self, and treating them as subjective states that begin and end within the ego. From this one-sided view of mental life religion must always dissent, and psychology cannot consistently maintain it. If worship, faith and love of their very nature go out towards an object, it is

strange indeed that they encounter nothing real, that mental activities so spontaneous and vital end only in illusion. Canon Grensted's criticism is acute, yet always scrupulous and candid. It goes to show that the new science may be utilized in the service of religion, and relieves the mind of any misgivings lest the two should prove to be, at bottom, irreconcilable.

W. S. HANDLEY JONES.

The Contendings of the Apostles. By E. A. Wallis Budge. (Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

A second edition of this valuable translation from Ethiopic manuscripts in the British Museum by the late Sir E. A. Wallis Budge has recently been published by the Oxford University Press (12s. 6d. net). A special interest belongs to the new Preface in that it remained unfinished at the time of the gifted translator's death on November 23, 1934. In this Preface Sir Wallis Budge explains how he came to undertake the task of translation, made possible by the munificence of John, the Third Marquis of Bute. The book, which was first published thirty-five years ago, contains a collection of many legends concerning the Apostles and their disciples which originated at an early period, probably during the second century, among certain heretical sects. The Ethiopic MSS. are translations from the Arabic which in turn rests on an original Coptic version. Many of the legends are of importance, not by reason of their historical value, but because they throw light on the interests and beliefs of the early writers, and also because they illustrate the beginnings of religious fiction. Well arranged and beautifully printed, the volume ought to find a place in every theological library.

VINCENT TAYLOR.

The Students' Introduction to the Synoptic Gospels. By E. Basil Redlich, B.D. (Longmans & Co. 7s. 6d.)

Dr. Raven's Introduction to this work by the Canon Theologian of Leicester dwells on its value for promoting the intelligent study of the Gospels. The habit of Bible-reading has 'largely disappeared,' but the fascination of a more scientific type of study, such as this volume seeks to promote, promises to awaken new interest. As a text book it sets out the principles and results of critical research in a compact form which will be of real service to teachers and to senior forms in schools. Canon Redlich describes the Gospel texts, the Synoptic Problem, the priority of Mark, Q, John and the Synoptics, Matthew and Mark. He has a chapter on the Kingdom of God and gives 'An Outline of the Life of Christ.' There is a mass of well-digested information, and it is presented in a way that will stimulate and guide study. It is a suggestive and comprehensive survey of the whole field which will certainly quicken interest in a subject of vital importance and never-failing interest.

J. TELFORD.

The Background and Beginnings of the Gospel Story. By Bertram Lee Woolf, Ph.D. (Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 4s. 6d.)

Professor Woolf seeks to represent Christ as He appeared to those 'who might have seen and heard Him without knowing anything else about Him.' In his Introduction he describes the landscape of Palestine; then he reviews the history of the Gospel age; Hellenism in Palestine; the Peoples and Culture of the Graeco-Roman World; Provincial Life and Government; the Condition of the Lower Classes; the Social Conditions; the Scientific Outlook; the General Situation and the Religious Cross-Currents. Each chapter has a list of relevant books appended. That outline will show the special value of this survey. It is the work of a true scholar who breathes life into the world where Christ lived and taught. No student of the Gospels should overlook this masterpiece.

J. TELFORD.

Paul's Secret of Power. By Rollin H. Walker. (Abingdon Press. \$1.)

The Professor of the English Bible in Ohio Wesleyan University has written an impressive study of Paul's 'power through a great conception of Christ.' The thought of Christ constantly purified the Apostle's religious conceptions. His doctrine of salvation by faith was based on experience. He was 'alive to the fact that all high vitality comes from union with the friends of God,' and constantly prayed for all his friends far and near. The whole subject is treated in a way that provokes thought and the 'Questions for Discussion' add much to the practical interest of the study.

J.T.

The Blood of the Cross. By Andrew Murray, D.D. (Marshall, Morgan & Scott. 1s.)

The subject of these ten sermons suggested itself to Dr. Murray on a journey to Europe. He felt that Christians could never know too much of 'the hidden, spiritual, divine reality and efficacy of the Cross.' The book has Dr. Murray's heart in it.

The Christian Social Tradition. By Reginald Tribe. (S.P.C.K. 5s. Paper 3s. 6d.)

This primer of Christian Sociology is divided into three parts. The first is historical; the second deals with the theology of the subject; the third with modern and contemporary social developments—political, economical, family and international—viewed in the Christian light. It throws much light on problems of the day and discusses them in a reasonable and practical way which will be of much service.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

Concerning Heretics. Attributed to Sebastian Castellio, translated into English, with an Introduction, by Dr. Roland H. Bainton, Associate Professor of Church History, Yale University. (Columbia University Press, and Oxford University Press, H. Milford. 20s. net.)

This is the twenty-second publication of the series 'Records of Civilization, Sources and Studies,' edited under the auspices of the Department of History of Columbia University. It treats of a notable appeal for toleration and liberality in the wake of the continental Reformation which was issued by a Liberal Protestant of the time. Sebastian Castellio (1515-1564) was, in the year 1540, appointed on Calvin's recommendation rector of the high school at Geneva; but his tolerant spirit and his denial of the doctrine of predestination embroiled him with Calvin, whereupon he migrated to Basel in 1544, in due course becoming professor of Greek in the university of that city. Here he led a group of theological liberals, who were outraged at the burning of the 'heretic' Servetus in 1553 at Calvin's instigation, and during the following year he issued anonymously this work 'Concerning Heretics' as a protest against Servetus' martyrdom. Professor Bainton has now translated this into English. The sub-title states that it is here set forth concerning heretics 'Whether they are to be persecuted and how they are to be treated: a collection of the opinions of learned men both ancient and modern,' which refers to the period from the Early Church to Castellio's own time. Doubtless Castellio edited this entire work and himself composed everything which cannot be assigned to known sources. Before offering the translation of Castellio Professor Bainton opens with a considerable Introduction which ably surveys the history of religious liberty and its opposite in the Christian Church. He shows that opinions regarding religious persecution were somewhat varied in the Early Church: opinions favourable thereto are found, indeed, to a surprising degree in Augustine, who, while always objecting to the death penalty, did on occasion advocate other means of penalizing the unorthodox. Castellio left the Middle Ages comparatively unnoticed, then came to Erasmus, who is shown to be against persecution for a man's religion, which, he held, was an inward matter of simple belief for himself. 'The ecclesiastic should seek to cure the disease, not to kill the patient.' No other attitude should characterize servants of a God of mercy; though 'to kill blasphemous and seditious heretics is necessary for the maintenance of the state.' Protestant persecutors appear in Castellio's compilation, who once upheld the principles of liberty and then fell from grace. Professor Bainton observes how Luther developed into a new authority in place of the old. Here was one who headed the great revolt against Rome, though after the first

flush of it advised the Protestants against adopting persecution as their own policy, pointing them to the Parable of the Tares which advocates of moderation seldom overlooked. But after the Peasants' War Luther developed his sanction of force, and 'in his later years he belched brimstone on Catholics, sectaries, and Jews,' stating now that the Parable of the Tares preached the sparing of moral offenders, not heretics. Brenz, again, in spite of his Protestant principles, hardened into a persecutor of Protestant sects; and the survey runs through four more writers until Calvin is reached, who 'brought Protestant persecution to a head' and 'began where Luther left off.' Calvin felt driven to persecute in order that the Divine honour might be vindicated in the purging of the Church of heresy. 'His ideal was Abraham sacrificing Isaac, save that for Calvin all too often no ram was caught in the thicket.' In this case, perhaps most obviously, the author's earlier writings were cited by Castellio, and these certainly did not represent his maturer views. The rest of Castellio's authorities are classed by Professor Bainton under the head of Protestant Liberals, who are divided in turn into Erasmians and Independents. The former range from Hedio to Brunfels in an ascending order of liberalism. Among the latter Castellio himself figures. He was undeterred by considerations of Church authority, being 'prepared to relinquish even the authority of Scripture if compelled by the facts.' Personal experience he emphasized, together with a simple reasoning which God has given to every man. Professor Bainton concludes his Introduction with an interesting section on the influence exerted by Castellio's book. Criticism was flung at it, by Brenz for example, to the effect that the extracts quoted were not then representative of the opinions of their authors (rather a damaging admission), and all sorts of hypothetical dilemmas were held up as the logical outcome of such a defence of liberty of conscience. But the very attacks upon it furthered the spread of its influence on the Continent, especially in Holland, and sundry Protestant leaders of the sixteenth century found it highly useful in condemning religious persecution. The twenty excerpts themselves, as well as additional quotations from other works partly by Castellio, are intensely interesting, the translations being most readable. The publishers note that 'the work has never before appeared in a critical edition, comparing the Latin, French, and German versions and locating all of the references.' There is a full Bibliography of the more important works referred to in the footnotes, and an equally full Index. The illustrations are well reproduced. As a contribution to knowledge the book will be found of very considerable use for the fuller understanding of the religious turmoil of the Reformation period in particular, and, be it said, for the character-studies it affords of those who played their part in it.

H. WATKIN-JONES.

From Christ to Constantine, The Rise and Growth of the Early Church. By James Mackinnon. (Longmans, 18s. net).

What constitutes the perennial interest and fascination of the first three centuries of Christian history? Many answers to this question are suggested by Dr. James Mackinnon in his latest book, *From Christ to Constantine*. It may be the sheer courage and faith with which the early Christians met and defeated the menace of State tyranny and persecution; it may be the strange process by which a spiritual movement was transformed into an imperial organization; it may be the intellectual achievement of pioneer thinkers who defended and defined the faith amid pagan heresies and pagan morals. All these themes, and many others are unfolded and illumined by Dr. Mackinnon with a clarity and distinction unequalled since the publication of Gwatkin's classic treatment of the subject twenty-seven years ago. The exact and careful scholarship which marked the earlier volumes of this trilogy is apparent, and may be exemplified by the fact that Dr. Mackinnon, alone among the standard historians of the period, escapes the criticism of a writer in the current number of the *Journal of Theological Studies*, who throws doubt on the alleged flight of Arius to Nicomedia. Only a writer who is very sure of his ground can use the weapon of humour in argument, and this sureness of touch is manifest in the comparison of Jerome on St. Anthony with Rider Haggard, and in the suggestion that the fair parallel to the monsters in the story is the Loch Ness monster. In this context it is well to be reminded that anchoritism pure and simple can only be regarded as a travesty of Christianity, which substituted religious egotism and superstition for the gospel of the Kingdom (p. 422). Dr. Mackinnon's discussion of the Catholic ministry demands consideration side by side with that of Gore, Moberly, and Canon Streeter; and in his treatment of Gnosticism he is with Bousset and Reitzenstein in holding, as against Dr. Burkitt, that Gnosticism was a pre-Christian movement derived from the Orient. With wide learning and discriminating judgement Dr. Mackinnon combines the philosophical insight of the true historian, and he has given us what is undoubtedly one of the finest pieces of historical study available on this period.

S. G. DIMOND.

The Catholic Regeneration of the Church of England. By Paula Schaefer. Translated from the German by Ethel Talbot Scheffauer. (Williams & Norgate, Ltd., 10s. 6d. net.)

This work is specially interesting because of its rather unusual origin. The authoress took her degree as a Doctor of Philosophy, many years ago, with a thesis on the problem of causality on the works of Bishop Berkeley, and she tells us that this was her first knowledge of anyone connected with Anglicanism. She attended the World Conference of Life and Work at Stockholm in 1925, and was greatly impressed by an Anglican Eucharist there. Then she studied theology under Heiler at Marburg, and later visited England. She had by this time

become enamoured of the Catholic ideal, but could not bring herself to submit to Rome, and so she was confirmed in the Church of England. The general standpoint of the book is perhaps sufficiently indicated in the preface, where the authoress gives the above account of her life and her convictions. She tells us that she went as a child into the Münsterkirche at Essen, and ever after longed for the saints, and the candles, and the picture of the Virgin and the Child, and 'the small red flame trembling in the darkness of the High Altar.' In the last sentence of the preface she declares that if the scheme of Church Union in South India is carried out in its present form the Anglican Church will 'cease to be a Catholic body' and 'then there will be no doubt of my future way.' As a history of the catholicizing movement in the Anglican Church the volume is a laborious, competent, and thorough piece of work, all the more interesting because here and there things are seen with a foreigner's detachment. There is an evident intention of fairness in the treatment, despite the natural bias of the book, and at some points it will not be very acceptable to the more extreme Anglo-Catholic. But to an outsider the sheer triviality of a good deal of what is found in these pages would be comic if the general concern were anything less serious than religion. Thus it is solemnly recorded that in the church of St. Mary Magdalene they began to burn incense on Christmas Eve in the year 1854, though full liturgical vestments were not introduced until 1864. The note of pathos in this last remark is relieved a little when we are told in the next sentence that nevertheless as early as the 'forties the clergy began to wear cassocks in the street. As you read you are tempted to ask, again and again, what all these childish details about millinery and candles and perfumes have to do with the religion of Christ, or with His Church. The account of Methodism is sufficiently quaint. One priceless sentence is: 'Methodism was unsatisfactory to the educated man and the theologian and the method of conversion unpleasant to the well-bred Englishman.' It would be a pity to comment on that.

HENRY BETT.

My Guided Life. By the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, C.H., D.D.
(Methuen 10s. 6d.)

This book is a charming autobiographical sketch of one of the dominating figures of our time. It contains vivid pictures of many phases of the life of the last half-century. On these grounds alone it would be a valuable contribution to the story of our times, but it is much more than an account of contemporary events. In the first place it is a generous invitation to enter the circle of a beautiful and distinguished home, to grow up with one of its members, to meet his friends and to share his experiences. The reader is privileged to study the religious life and work of a great personality at close quarters. Early environments, personal contacts and divine challenges are described and interpreted with a modesty which is compelling. Circuit work and natural issues are pictured with equal care, but over every

picture there falls a light which comes from Beyond—a guiding light which never fails. In the second place one may well read this volume as a piece of Christian evidence. Doctor Lidgett makes it perfectly clear that he has chosen the title of his book with a strong conviction that his whole life has been divinely guided. Knowing the remorseless logic of his mind, one feels the force of his conclusions. In this book there is information for the student, good cheer for the veteran, and a magnificent challenge to youth. We hope that many young men and women will find in it a call which may transform their own lives.

Bede—His Life, Times and Writings. Essays in Commemoration of the Twelfth Centenary of his Death. Ed. by A. Hamilton Thompson, M.A., D.Litt., F.B.A., &c (Oxford University Press. 15s.)

This volume is essential for all serious students who wish to form a reasonable judgement on the importance of Bede's work. The nine essays which it contains include an interesting description of Northumbrian Monasticism by Professor Hamilton Thompson, estimates of Bede's work as historian, exegete and theologian, and valuable contributions on his manuscripts and library.

The Life and Times of St. Ambrose. By F. Homes Dudden, D.D. (Oxford Press. Two volumes. 35s. net.)

An account of the life and teaching of Ambrose is given, with full consideration of the results of recent critical research. This estimate is accompanied by a clear description of the background of the period. A section is devoted to the life of the Christian women of the fourth century, and the work which Ambrose accomplished for them. There is a useful bibliography and an index of the ethical and theological teaching of Ambrose. The book is a valuable contribution to a period of Church history which has been strangely neglected by English writers.

A Visit to Bible Lands By A. E. Hughes, M.A. (Thynne & Co. 9d.)

In this small volume the writer details impressions received during his third visit to the Holy Land. The arrangement of the narrative is excellent. Every place visited between Paris and Thebes is set forth in large type with notes immediately following. Those who are strangers to the East may hardly be prepared for some of the author's findings as for example his views on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the influence of the Y.M.C.A. in Jerusalem and the religious influence of the newly settled Jews. The writer holds certain clear cut views on inspiration and prophecy and for these his travels give him ample justification. Excellent illustrations add to the readers' general enjoyment of the booklet.

F.

GENERAL

The Easter Story in Art. By Charles Carter, M.Sc. (Epworth Press. 7s 6d. net.)

The story of the events from the Last Supper to the Ascension has been the theme of some of the world's greatest paintings. The author who is the curator of the Art Gallery and Cottonian Collection, Plymouth, has reproduced, by the photogravure process, in this book, thirteen original paintings by great Masters. Many of them have been possessed of a spiritual sensibility more acute than our own, and it would be strange had they not something helpful to tell us about the Crucifixion. Each Easter the spirit of our devotions is aided by Bach's Passion Music. This book helps us to turn to the work of the great artists and receive similar inspiration. After an introductory chapter the author describes the doctrinal and historical background against which the great pictures of the Easter Story are set. Then follow thirteen chapters, each of which has for its subject some particular incident in the story. In turn, the Last Supper, Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet, The Agony in the Garden, The Betrayal, Christ Before Pilate, The Flagellation, The Crucifixion, The Deposition, The Resurrection, The Appearance to Mary Magdalene, The Supper at Emmaus, The Incredulity of Thomas, and the Ascension are viewed in these great pictures, and a detailed description is given in each case of some particularly famous example illustrated in photogravure.

This our Pilgrimage. By Canon Peter Green. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

A crisply written little book, packed with personal anecdotage. Its six chapters are written in detached paragraphs, each on some passage of Scripture having relation to the chapter title. It is alive with the personal application of the Gospel message, built up from a wide experience of men, and should prove a timely help for private meditation and prayer. A wide use of these thoughts on the Christian life would prove a real help towards a revival of personal and family religion.

W.G.T.B.

The Problem of Right Conduct. By Canon Peter Green. (Longmans. 3s. 6d.)

This by the same author, is a cheap edition of the work first published in 1931. It is quite a thorough-going study of ethics, within the compass of its pages, from the Christian standpoint. These excellently printed 300 pages are wonderful value, and should now find a much wider demand amongst Christian workers. After dealing with the study and nature and history of ethics there are chapters on: Man as an Individual and Social Being; Man as a Spiritual Being; The

Individual and Property; The Individual and the use of Force; Capital Punishment; War; Nationalism and Race; Man and the lower animals. The vital question: what do you mean by right and wrong, is systematically dealt with from the Christian standpoint, and with the conviction that 'belief and conduct are indissolubly bound together.' Morality must grow with every advance of knowledge and civilization; without this growth civilization as we know it must crash. So vital is the subject matter of the ethical problem. An admirable text book for study circles.

W. G. THORNALL BAKER.

Successful Living. By the Rev. E. N. Porter Goff, M.A. (Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.)

Here is a series of practical talks by the well-known vicar of Immanuel Church, Streatham. Whatever criticism may be levelled at Mr. Porter Goff for some of his views, even his opponents will admit that he is 'alive' to the problems of his day. This book maintains that 'applied Christianity is the way to successful living.' He discusses problems ranging from Christian marriage and birth control to the League of Nations. He is always forceful and convincing, and beyond all else sincere. This is a virile book to be read thoughtfully and discussed with one's friends.

Sunday Mornings in the School Chapel. By Dr. J. Harry Miller. (Allenson. 2s. 6d. net.)

The spiritual needs of public schools have created in our time a sermonic literature of much interest. Addresses to the future leaders and homemakers of our country must be brief and compelling. This makes the task of the principal or school chaplain one of considerable difficulty and of special importance. The latest of such books of addresses is that of Dr. J. Harry Miller, the principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. It is a fine addition to a growing library. School, like Life, is full of practical difficulties and the facing of these develops character and establishes right conduct. As with all such books, the writer deals more with the pragmatic side than with the theological aspect. His practical application is based on sound doctrine and thus the gospel is presented in a most effective way. In this book, *Sunday Mornings in the School Chapel*, Dr. Miller accomplishes worthily a difficult task. We commend his volume to all guiders and teachers of youth in the sure knowledge that they will find much of value for their work and more of moving appeal to those they lead.

J. HENRY MARTIN.

The Coming Civilization. By Kenneth Ingram. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.)

Mr. Ingram sets himself to answer two questions: Will the coming Civilization be Capitalist or Materialist? His second part is an en-

largement of five Broadcast Talks which he gave last summer. The present capitalist system is breaking down and there 'will be an attempt to form a classless society to replace the private ownership of industry by public ownership, and to abolish profit.' Whether Christianity will survive such a change is carefully considered. The impression Christ has made throughout twenty centuries is due in the main to the fact that His life and teaching stand out as essentially pure and good. For its own sake the coming civilization should be Christian, not materialistic in character, and it might present for the first time an opportunity for an unadulterated Christianity to function. This is a book to be pondered carefully.

J. TELFORD.

Civilization Remade by Christ. By F. A. M. Spencer. (George Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

This is a cheap edition of the work first published in 1928. A wonderfully cheap reprint of an excellent consideration of a great subject. It is an enthusiastic attempt to show how Christianity has to reform the world. An application of Christian Ethics to modern society and to the saving of this civilization. From war to peace; government or politics; the stewardship of wealth; marriage; the family; sociology and prayer, are titles of chapters, giving an idea of the broad considerations in an interesting manner.

W.G.T.B.

Temples and Treasuries. By Helen Wodehouse. (George Allen & Unwin. 5s.)

This small volume contains eleven addresses, delivered by the present head of Girton in the College Chapel. They contain much homely wisdom and discretion. But the themes are meant for the type of audiences of students to whom they were delivered, and are not likely to make any sort of popular appeal. They are compact with the lessons of a wide experience, but academic rather than evangelical. The chapters marked 'Hills and Streets of Zion' and 'Stability' are excellent food for thought.

W.G.T.B.

The Chamber Called Peace. By Henry Smith. (Epworth Press. 1s.)

Here is a charming book breathing 'Peace be unto you,' on every page, written by a former President of the United Methodist Church who was its Connexional Editor for some years. He has a sure knowledge of the reality of peace. The Rev. Samuel Horton in the Preface says: 'It takes you out of the hurry and bustle of the crowd into the quiet harbours for the Communion with God which fills life with radiant serenity.' The work should prove a most valuable Bedside Book.

Worship and Intercession. By Ruth Hardy. With a Foreword by the Bishop of Bradford. (Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.)

'An individualistic religion can find no place for real intercession,' says this writer, and proceeds to describe prayer as fellowship with Christ. It is a simple book which uses the term worship to signify 'that desire of the soul for union with God.' The author is a medical missionary busy about many things, but her whole thesis is that it is the consecrated busy life which has time and desire to leave God free to act through it. This is a useful little book, which should help the ordinary man to practise the presence of God.

The Bible Guide Book. By Mary Entwistle, (S.C.M. 6s.)

The great need for some easily read and up to date companion to Bible Study has been admirably met by this volume. In five chapters the reader is given information on such important matters as the land of the Bible, the life of Palestine in Bible times, the climatic conditions, the religion and religious leaders and the various Powers by whom the land has been swayed. This chapter is brought up to date by a short reference to Palestine under the mandate. The concluding chapter of the book consists of a time chart of the books of the Bible in which the authoress, as all through her volume, has carefully embodied the most recent pronouncements of criticism. A detailed bibliography with ample index, maps and illustrations complete a work of exceptional charm and usefulness. Miss Entwistle has produced the kind of work we should expect. The book should prove a great acquisition to the Secondary School and College library and even to the more advanced student of Scripture.

The Terrible Meek and Other Sermons. By Charles Kellett. (Epworth Press. 3s. 6d.)

Sermons of outstanding merit, presented with forceful grace. Here are some of the titles: The Christian Art of Forgetting; The Balm of Kindly Memories; Simplicity of Life; The Seen Jesus; Love Banishes Fear. This is a volume that every preacher will be glad to have. It will be a constant inspiration.

Do the Ten Commandments Stand To-day? By J. Parton Milum, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Epworth Press. 3s. 6d.)

A new volume in our very popular 'God and Life,' Series. Of late there has been a distinct revival of interest in the Ten Commandments. In this work Dr. Milum gives us a brilliant interpretation of the Commandments in their application to modern life. Each chapter ends with a concise summary of the relationship of ever-present conditions to these specific commands. The author maintains that they are valid and obligatory.

The Church Catholic. By Dr. Micklem. (S.C.M. Paper 1s. 6d.)

A sanely reasoned plea for the Union of the Protestant Churches. The writer sees, as most of us see, that the difficulties of union are psychological rather than essentially religious. Parentage and locality usually determine Denominational attachments in the early years of one's life. We grow into systems of Church government and appreciate what we are accustomed to by training and defend our inheritance. Probably very few join a Church after a process of mature comparison and careful discrimination of excellences and defects. The barriers against Church Union seem less formidable when approached from this angle.

ERNEST BARRETT.

The Measure of a Christian. A Study of the Beatitudes. By Arthur Simmons. (Epworth Press. 2s. 6d.)

A fresh and lively interpretation of the Beatitudes. Those interested in Groups and Fellowship movements will find it an excellent basis for discussion.

The Young Disciple and his Faith (Methodist Sunday School Department, 2s.), has the advantage of appreciative forewords by Dr. W. F. Lofthouse and Rev. J. G. Bowran. Their wise words emphasize the need of such a manual and that herein the need is met. The book is the work of Revs. R. H. B. Shapland, H. J. Watts and others, all of whom have done their work well. The volume will render the valuable service done in former days by the *Books of Catechisms* and adds to that service sections on the content of our teaching, the church and her young people, joining the church and our belief. The book should be read by ministers, school workers and elder scholars. To all these it will be of the utmost help and might well become a textbook for teacher training either in groups or as individuals. We commend it heartily.

Prayer: An Interpretation. By Ray Hartwell. (Boston, Mass Meadow Publishing Co. \$1.50.) This study opens with twelve Key Thoughts based on Scripture passages with brief comment; its third part gives a *catena* of Biblical quotations, and the fourth collects prayers in prose and poetry from various sources. The second part is devoted to explaining the nature, office and spirit of prayer: and facing the question Who answers Prayer? There we are told that 'the successive appearance of teachers, leaders, Mediators, Intercessors, Messiahs upon the earth plane' were all divine. That shows the underlying note of the book but it is a novel and refreshing treatment of the whole subject and one with a cosmopolitan appeal.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Hibbert Journal (January).—This is a particularly lively number. Five of the articles deal specifically with present European conditions. The Editor writes on 'Collective Security,' from the text: 'The best teaching of international morality must take, at present, indirect forms,' in which Dr. Jacks emphasizes the force of *habit* in the life of the nations. He concludes that the basis of collective security should be sought on economic grounds; that the League of Nations should seek to develop a fiduciary institution under the management of international trustees, and that these should be business men, not politicians, who have proved their competence as fiduciary agents. The gradual supersession of armed diplomacy by insurance, as the basis of collective security. W. Watkin Davies writes incisively on 'By What Authority?' in which he stresses the difference between using force to aid an already existing moral right, and using force as a substitute for moral right. E. Sylvia Pankhurst paints in black the conditions of women under modern dictatorship in Germany and Italy. Dr. Garvie discusses 'Christian Ethics and International Economics.' 'The Scientific Atmosphere and the Creeds of the Church,' by Professor E. W. MacBride, is gloomy and unscientific in its attitude to the Church. He casually dismisses sin, atonement and final judgement, as ideas long since dead, but admits that the precepts of Jesus 'afford the only cement which will hold society together.' 'The New Revolt against Reason'; 'Dictatorships and Failure' are interesting surveys. And 'The Pleasure of Newness,' Baron von Oppell, is in itself a pleasurable thing.

The Congregational Quarterly (January).—Rev. Gylilm O. Griffith writes on 'Mussolini and Mazzini.' He thinks it is possible 'we shall have increasing need to keep the main issue to the fore—the alternative between a faith and a policy which, in their long result, make for "the constitution of Humanity" as a union of free and consenting peoples and the faith and policy which make for the disintegration of the world into a medley of absolute States, each inflamed with "the will to power and government" and with the lust of race-supremacy.' Yet there is a voice in Italy, not yet completely silenced, which bids us hope for better things. Dr. P. Carnegie Simpson discusses 'The Trust of Freedom.' He holds that it is only as a man or a nation or a Church, possessing freedom, goes on to the worthy use of it that that freedom is justified or, indeed, is even safe. Freedom, which is our inheritance, is also our trust: *The State and Law: the Church and Conscience: man and freedom*—these are principles for which we stand, as for them our fathers stood and

suffered. Dr. G. Glenn Atkins writes on 'Our Discontented Quest for Contentment,' Dr. William Brown on 'The Survival of Personality,' and Dr. C. J. Cadoux on 'The Politics of Jesus.' 'Developments and Experiments' deal with 'The Present-Day Drink Problem,' 'Making the best of Change,' and 'Tendencies in Religious Education in the United States.' There are also twenty-six interesting pages of 'Shorter Notices.'

Journal of Theological Studies.—The January number contains two articles of special importance. The Rev. R. H. Connolly, O.S.B., who has been contributing to recent numbers articles of such value on the *Didache*, now writes a very cogent plea for regarding the last two chapters of the *Epistle to Diognetus* as being really the conclusion of the *Philosophumena* of Hippolytus. In stating his case he offers an independent proof of a theory that had already been advocated by Bunsen. The other article to which we wish to call particular notice is one by the Rev. H. G. Marsh, M.A., B.D., whose name is very familiar to most readers of this Review. We hope that his learned and illuminating essay on 'The Use of Mysterium in the Writings of Clement of Alexandria' is but an instalment of a *magnum opus* which we may have from his pen in years to come, dealing with the whole history of Baptism and the ideas connected with it in the early Christian centuries. There are numerous reviews, some of which are most instructive, but others too slight to be of much use.

The Quarterly Review (John Murray), throughout the 124 years of its existence has maintained a reputation for sincerity of outlook and utterance, for courage of thought—wide tolerance and many-sided sympathies, as well as for loyalty to the ideals and principles on which the British constitution is set. It needs no 'bush.' Established in 1809, when the power of Napoleon was at its height, it has seen the map of Europe changed and changed again, and has witnessed extraordinary progress in all departments of social, national, and international life. It has been the purpose of this Review, through the minds and pens of writers with authority, to appreciate the values of that progress. The names of its contributors may be taken as an index to the history of the times in Literature, Science and Art, to Politics and Social endeavour through their infinite channels, as well as to very much else.

FOREIGN

The Moslem World (January).—The Editor, Dr. Samuel Zwemer, writes on 'Islam in Ethiopia and Eritrea.' It is questionable whether Abyssinia can really be called a Christian country when we are told that of a population of about seven millions, nearly forty per cent are Moslems. There are large numbers of Jews and animistic pagans. Christians of the Abyssinian Church number only about three and a half millions or fifty per cent. To these must be added some Catholics

and Protestants. The appalling social conditions which are described will be somewhat disturbing to those who have only seen one side of the picture. Two articles on Iran (Persia), one dealing with methods of evangelism and the other with sacrificial giving, shew the power of the gospel in that Moslem stronghold. Of unusual interest is an article on the Muslim point of view, by a distinguished writer who signs himself 'Orientalist.' Clearly and sometimes humorously the tenets of the Christian faith are shewn to be so diverse from the Moslem way of thinking that one wonders how a point of contact can be found at all. Dr. Oscar Buck, of Drew Theological Seminary, gives a synopsis of a Life of Mahommed for Children by Professor Sayyid Nawab Ali.